

LIFE



IN THIS ISSUE

"IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK"

BY

JOE DIMAGGIO

AUGUST 1, 1949

20

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00

Things You'll Never Forget...

The day you met



The day you knew it was love for keeps



The day you bought a LANE...

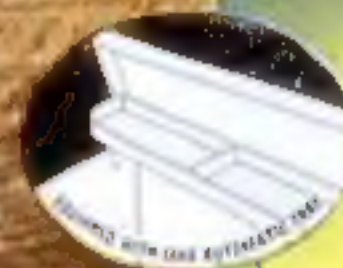


the gift that starts the Home

Thrifty Lovers! SAVE \$10 ON LANE'S AUGUST SPECIALS

Once-a-Year
VALUES
\$47⁹⁵
August Only

No. 2360 — This popular double waterfall design combines matched Paldoo wood with rich American Walnut. Equipped with Lane's patented removable automatic tray and receding lid hinges. Rubbed and polished finish.



CHRISTMAS CLUBS NOW FORMING

Choose new white selections are complete. Easy terms make it possible for you to take until Christmas, or longer, to pay.

CHOOSE
FROM THESE
3 BEAUTIFUL
DESIGNS

—All Equipped with Lane's Automatic Tray.

ALL AT **\$47⁹⁵**
EACH

(Slightly higher in the West and Canada.)



No. 2361
A Colonial 18th Century design in striped African Mahogany. Rubbed satin finish.



No. 2362
(No. 2392 in Lined Oak)
A combination of beautiful Almon on the front, framed by American Walnut on the top, ends, and base. Rubbed and polished finish.

**BUY ON NEW LOW
EASY TERMS!**

Many Lane dealers are offering new easy terms
... some for as little as \$1.00 down!

THERE'S A
LANE

Cedar HOPE CHEST

FOR EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOME!

LOVE ISN'T BLIND to big values like these! Now is the time to buy your Lane. Beautiful... made in all fine cabinet woods in styles to fit any room in your home. And so practical! The only pressure-tested AROMA-RIGHT Cedar Chest in the world! Moth protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, included with every Lane Chest upon proper application.

Do you know the name of your Lane dealer? If not, write us. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Rinso 30th ANNIVERSARY OFFER! HURRY! GET YOURS NOW!



SAVES TIME, WORK, MONEY
SPACIOUS POCKET RUNS FULL WIDTH

Colorful Dutch Print
CLOTHESPIN
APRON ^{\$1²⁵} _{VALUE}
ONLY 25¢
with one Rinso box top!

Order several—They make wonderful gifts or bridge prizes!

Yes, Rinso is marking its 30th Anniversary with a sensational offer! It's your chance to get a charming, waist-slimming clothespin apron of beautiful green and yellow Vinyl plastic—at a saving of a whole dollar below the verified retail price!

It's full size—measures 16" x 13". Roomy, full-width pocket can be used for carrying clothespins or baby's bath needs, polishing and cleaning items, vacuum cleaner attachments, etc.

Be sure to send 25 cents and one Rinso box top for each apron. The certificate below saves you one dollar on every apron ordered.

Only Rinso contains Solium
—the scientific Sunlight Ingredient



New 1950 Rinso with Solium is here a year ahead!

WASHES CLOTHES
WHITER
THAN NEW!

MAKES COLORS
BRIGHTER
THAN NEW!

More women use Rinso than any other washday soap in the world
New 1950 Rinso is another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

VALUABLE CERTIFICATE WORTH \$1.00

RINSO APRON CLUB, P. O. BOX 732, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me.....Rinso clothespin aprons of Vinyl plastic. I enclose.....in cash (no stamps, please) and.....Rinso box tops which is 25 cents and one box top for each apron I am ordering. I will allow 3 weeks for delivery.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

[This offer good only in Continental United States (including Alaska), and Hawaii. Expires November 1, 1949. Offer subject to applicable state or local regulations.]

SAVE \$1.00...MAIL THIS CERTIFICATE TODAY

PALL MALL's *greater length*

of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat. Yes, PALL MALL's greater length

filters the smoke

and makes it mild. Thus, PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness, mildness* and *satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. PALL MALL's greater length filters the smoke

on the way to your throat

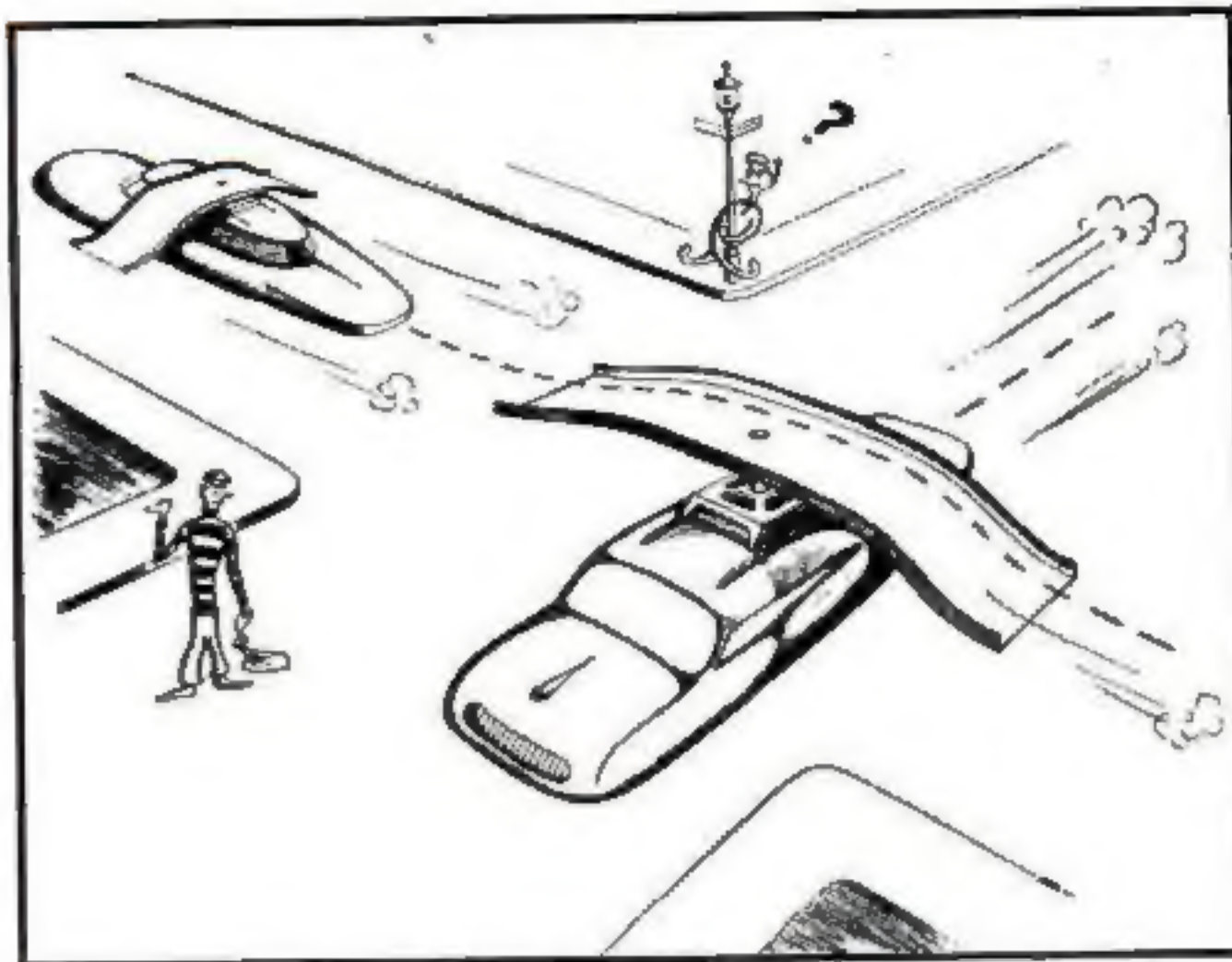
Enjoy the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—good to look at, good to feel, good to taste, and good to smoke.



OUTSTANDING

and they are mild!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



THE ECI-OCL

TRAFFIC SOLUTION?

Sirs:

I was shocked to learn that Los Angeles has plunged headlong into a billion dollar highway program involving costly new freeways and huge grade separations (LIFE, July 11).

With my simple, adjustable "Eci-Ocl" (Every Car Its Own Clover Leaf) bolted to the roof of each automobile, freeways, grade crossings, and even traffic lights may be eliminated. Employing this device, a motorist going through an intersection merely passes over, or is passed over by, those of his fellow motorists moving at right angles to his line of travel. . . .

I understand that Russia has not, as yet, claimed prior invention of the Eci-Ocl.

ROBERT E. CHARLESWORTH
South Orange, N.J.

AWAKENED SOUTH

Sirs:

Thank you for "The South Awakens" (LIFE, July 11). You understand us.

Winston-Salem—100,000 population, approximately 60% white, 40% Negro—is alert to its duty, its opportunity. We have adequate public schools for Negroes, a Negro teachers college, Negro hospital (Negro staffed and accredited by A.M.A.), Negro alderman, Negro policemen; our Negroes vote in our Democratic primaries without court order.

Hurray for LIFE. Hold fast your fair-mindedness, counsel tolerance, because mutual respect between the two races is the gene of our racial relations evolution.

HENRY MAGIE
Secretary

The Plaza Association
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sirs:

I think your editorial "The South Awakens" is excellent. It is a calm, logical approach to one of our deepest, fundamental American problems.

I was born and raised in the South, and in my opinion the problem is being worked out in the Southern part of the nation in an orderly (considering the magnitude of the problem) and evolutionary manner.

HENRY O. WEAVER
Houston, Texas

Sirs:

At last the great radical magazine LIFE has agreed with 99% of all true

Southerners, white and black alike, that problems of racial relations must be solved by gradual education and not by immediate legislation.

J. K. LEMON
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Sirs:

I would like to express my heartiest congratulations and thanks to you for your encouraging editorial "The South Awakens."

It is my firm conviction that there are many more "liberals" in the South than generally supposed—their obscurity caused by a lack of mobilization and a fear on the part of the individual that he will lose his security if he dares to speak up for what he believes to be right. . . .

HARVEY W. FLATT
Lakeland, Fla.

Sirs:

Your editorial tops the list of the many recent insults you have extended the white race in your disgustingly increasing articles on racial matters.

The person responsible for this editorial has seen fit to resort to the cheapest, lowest type of propaganda by misleading the general public in referring to a similarity of bloodlines in the Negro and white races.

Genetically speaking the bloodline of the Negro, although pure in its own strain, has no more in comparison to that of the white race than the bloodline of the jackass would have in comparison to the hot blood of a thoroughbred. . . .

TOM BAILEY
Ft. Worth, Texas

Sirs:

Your statement that it is "genetically absurd" for most Southern whites to think they are fundamentally different from and better than Negroes is an absurd statement for a responsible publication to make. . . .

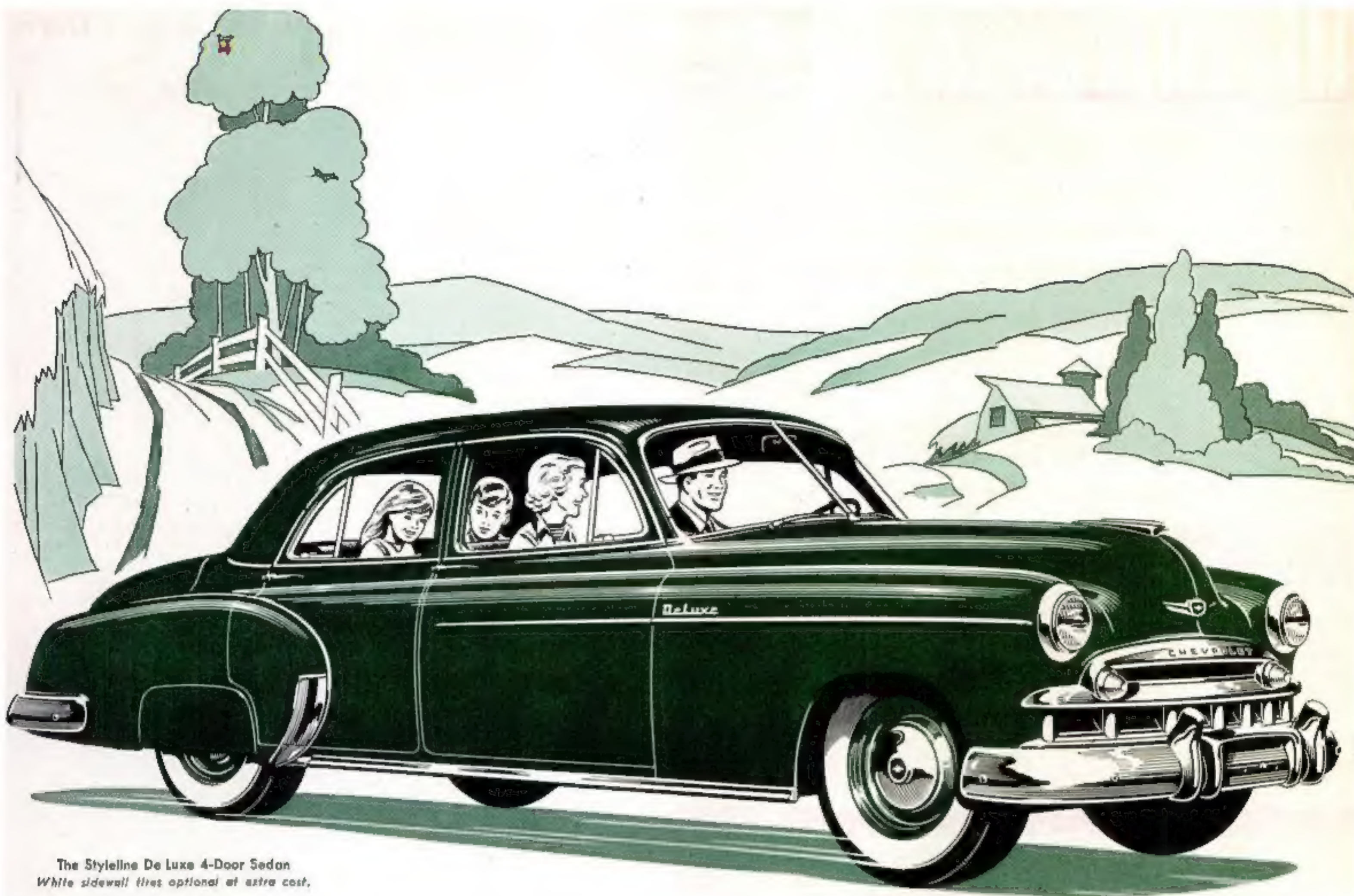
C. G. HOLLOWAY
Clermont, Fla.

● As to genetics, modern science confirms St. Paul: "And [God] hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts 17:26.—ED.

Sirs:

I am a salesman in the men's wear trade and have traveled the South for 32 years. You state categorically "quality stores where once no Negro could enter now welcome Negro customers and often blink at their luxury

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



The most Beautiful BUY for Driving Ease!

... because only Chevrolet
brings you new Center-Point
Steering at lowest cost!



All the *work* of driving is out
the wide, wide windows, and
all the *fun* of driving is yours, when you own
a Chevrolet—the most beautiful buy of all!

You'll hardly believe any car could be guided
so easily . . . in traffic, on all types of roads, on
curves and hills . . . and with such complete
absence of "steering-wheel jitters" and driver
fatigue, even after hours at the wheel. Driving
your Chevrolet is so *effortless* that it seems to obey
an impulse of your mind, thanks to new *Center-*

Point Steering, a vital engineering advance
found only in Chevrolet and more expensive
automobiles.

And starting, braking and parking this car
are every bit as simple, every bit as convenient!

Yes, indeed, Chevrolet is the most beautiful buy
for driving-ease . . . and for styling, riding-ease,
and efficient performance, as well . . . because it
alone brings you Body by Fisher, Center-Point
Design, a Valve-in-Head engine and other advan-
tages of highest-priced cars—all at lowest cost.

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FIRST FOR QUALITY
AT LOWEST COST

CHEVROLET

AMERICA'S CHOICE
FOR 18 YEARS

This One



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See FILM Routed By New Improved Pepsodent!

You'll have brighter teeth, cleaner breath in just 7 days
—or double your money back!



WHY FILM MUST BE REMOVED

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming! Make this 7-Day Pepsodent Test!

In just 7 days, new improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent Tooth Paste foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of the discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs that lurk in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Buy New Pepsodent now on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade-mark for purified alkyl sulfide.

Use New Pepsodent for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage, you'll receive—

**DOUBLE YOUR
MONEY BACK!**



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

buying." That is a misstatement, for never have I seen a fine men's store in the South welcome that sort of trade. In a good store Negroes cannot try on a hat or pair of shoes or anything else. A great many stores double the price to keep them out, but never have I seen a store welcome this business.

I too think Negroes should vote, enter any line of business, but I will not buy a house next to one and ask that they do the same by me.

W. D. PATTERSON

Charlotte, N.C.

● Mr. Patterson notwithstanding, Negroes are in fact received as customers throughout the South in stores which refused, or at least discouraged, their custom 10 or 20 years ago.—ED.

Sirs:

After reading your editorial "The South Awakens" I remembered my grandmother's advice: "Young man," she said, "you will have more than you can take care of in this life if you mind only your own business."

JACK A. CRAFTON

Huntington, W. Va.

Sirs:

... Note in the upper middle of the picture that there is a boy and girl holding hands. Though their heads are not in the picture, my bottom dollar says that there are smiles on the two faces.

CURTIS GIBSON

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

The young man who is looking at his watch is Frank Elliott of Atlanta, Ga. He was not late for an appointment, but was waiting for his wife, Doris, who was meeting him for lunch. He was just making an appointment with his friend on his left to meet him later!

If you look closely you can see that they both have slight smiles on their faces. So you see, life really isn't so grim and complicated as it seems to be in this picture.

MARGARET ROBERTS

Louisville, Ky.

Sirs:

... A hot day in Louisville would make any person frown and have a worried look.

JAMES BOHLEN

Kankakee, Ill.



LOUISVILLIANS: GRIM, PERPLEXED, DISCOURAGED?

PUZZLE PICTURE

Sirs:

I see no mystery in your Speaking of Pictures of the worried-looking people on the street corner in Louisville (LIFE, July 11). Their expressions are understandable. For instance, the disturbed lady at the left should probably have been home earlier to get her husband's dinner; the sergeant behind her appears grim only because he is pursing his lips to spit out a piece of cigaret tobacco. The young man isn't late for anything; he has just been asked the time by the fellow looking at him whose own watch has stopped. Nor does the chin-rubber look perplexed to me; he seems interested in what might be a blonde approaching from across the street. The elderly man leaning on the lamp post is not discouraged; he's bored because he has been waiting so long for his friend—the large man on the right who stopped in for a quick beer. As for the others, they've probably just come from a matinee of *The Snake Pit*.

JACK PRICE GABRIEL

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The lady at the left is obviously annoyed at the unsightly rubbish in the street.

The chin-rubber in the foreground is trying to remember where he parked the car....

CHARLES J. CURRY

Key West, Fla.

BESS'S BRIDGE CLUB

Sirs:

According to your article (LIFE, July 11) Bess Truman's bridge club has 11 members. As three tables of bridge require 12 players, who is the missing one? Or does the dummy from one table run over and bid the hand which has no player?

ALICE BACON

Alhambra, Calif.

● Since Bess Truman is usually in Washington, the club is left with 10 members. Each time the club meets one of the 10, the hostess, busies herself in the kitchen with another for company. That leaves eight playing members, or two full tables.—ED.

ROTARIANS VS. LIONS

Sirs:

The 381,426 (by actual count) loyal members of The International Association of Lions Clubs writhed in agony as LIFE (July 11) nonchalantly pronounced Rotary International, with its 327,000 (estimated) members, the "world's biggest luncheon and service club...."

R. ROY KEATON

Assistant Secretary-General

Lions International
Chicago, Ill.

● Cease writhing. LIFE acknowledges Lions have at least a 50,000 (estimated) membership edge.—ED.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



BIGGEST

PICTURE

IN TEN YEARS!



BLACK MAGIC

From a story by
ALEXANDRE DUMAS
author of *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*
and *THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO*

EDWARD SMALL presents
"BLACK MAGIC"
STARRING
ORSON WELLES
NANCY GUILD

with AKIM TAMIROFF • FRANK LATIMORE • VALENTINA CORTESE • MARGOT GRAHAME • BASED ON ALEXANDRE DUMAS' "CAGLIOSTRO" from "Memoirs of a Physician"
Produced and Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT • Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Richard Schayer • Released thru United Artists



When the sun is high, load your camera (any camera!) with Ansco Plenachrome Film and get crisper, snappier pictures... get better pictures!



When the clouds are out—even in rainy weather!—Plenachrome's All-Weather features will let you keep clicking... get you more pictures!

Ansco ALL-WEATHER Film gets clear pictures... rain or shine

Ansco black-and-white All-Weather films include Plenachrome, fine grain Ansco Supreme Film for better enlargements, and Ansco Superpan Press Film for action pictures indoors or out. Ansco Films will get good pictures in any camera... but for a lifetime of photographic satisfaction get the sturdy Ansco Shur Shot.

The most inexperienced photographer can get swell album pictures using this foolproof camera. Lens is already focused; two view finders for horizontal or vertical pictures. Makes eight $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ " pictures on 120 size film.

Nearly 2 million fans bought Ansco

Cameras last year. Join 'em with an Ansco Shur Shot! Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film, Corporation. "From Research to Reality."



ASK FOR **Ansco** FILM & CAMERAS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

CONVERTIBLE UMP

Sirs:

In your story "Why Pitchers Get Nervous" (LIFE, July 11) you show a picture in which you say Yogi Berra tags out a runner; but the umpire is signaling that the man is safe. Who is right: LIFE or the umpire?

ARNOLD J. KAPLIN

Bridgeport, Conn.



• The man was out. Umpire Ed Rommel was calling him safe when the photograph was taken, but he changed his mind a few seconds later.—ED.

YOGI'S CUT

Sirs:

I read with great interest your article on Catcher Yogi Berra.

Last year when covering the All-Star game in St. Louis, I learned from Berra that he was getting only \$7,500 for the season, a very low salary for an outstanding catcher, especially with a team like the New York Yankees.

I would be interested in learning

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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NOW-UNIFORM
LAXATIVE STRENGTH!



DUE TO NEW "C-L PROCESS"*

No longer need you drink prune juice without having the slightest idea whether its laxativity is half as strong or twice as strong as the juice you had the day before.

Now—in Sunsweet Prune Juice only—every delicious glassful has the same laxative potency. Pure, delicious prune juice, still a 100% natural product!

SAME DELICIOUS FLAVOR!

SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE



as prepared and distributed by the makers of **MOTT'S FINE FRUIT PRODUCTS**

*The laxative potency of Sunsweet Prune Juice is standardized by the "C-L Process," which was developed and is owned by the Duffy-Mott Company, Inc.

NOW — the first active, really effective deodorant soap in all history

DIAL soap stops odor before it starts... keeps you fresh round the clock!



A product of
Armour and Company

DIAL removes skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor!
Because DIAL and only DIAL contains AT-7!

Dial not only promises you complete over-all freshness round the clock—Dial guarantees it! For Dial with odorless AT-7 removes the major cause of perspiration odor—doesn't merely "cover-up." AT-7 is the only ingredient known to keep its antiseptic power effective in soap. Dial does *not* stop healthful perspiration but *does* stop odor, so your clothes stay

clean-smelling, too. And Dial smells good—not strong, not sissy! It's a light, clean fragrance you're sure to like.

Complexion protection! Mild, kind—Dial is rich-lathering and thorough-cleansing—perfect for complexions, too. Use Dial and you need only this *one* soap in the bathroom. And remember, Dial lasts a long, long time!

Tune in STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD—CBS Saturday

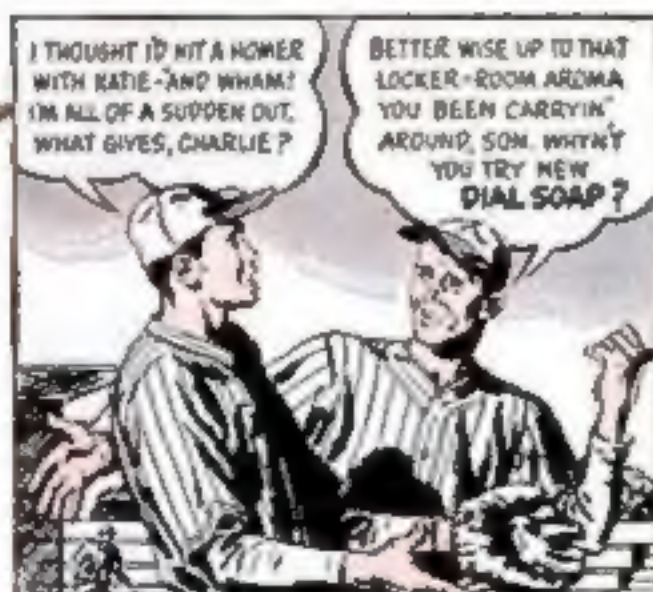


Money-Back Guarantee DIAL is unconditionally guaranteed to keep you completely fresh round the clock. In fact, the more you use DIAL, the longer-lasting freshness you build up. Bathe with DIAL for just 7 days and see for yourself. If you aren't completely satisfied with DIAL deodorant soap, mail the unused portion to Armour and Company, 1355 West 31st Street, Chicago 9, Illinois. The full purchase price will be sent you at once. Never before could any soap make this guarantee.



Don't date without DIAL—get it today!

I never got to first base — with Katie!



American Firsts



NESBITT'S is made from California Valencia oranges by craftsmen who take pride in producing an orange drink that's delicious, pure and thirst quenching.

Drink Nesbitt's—be sure to ask for Nesbitt's Orange Drink by name.

Buy 6 bottles today!



FREE!

Nesbitt's recipe booklet. Send 6c to cover postage. NESBITT'S, 2946 E. 11th St., Los Angeles 23.

MADE FROM *Real* ORANGES



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

—CONTINUED—

what Berra's salary is this year. Do you know?

ROGER STANTON

Trading Post Magazine
Detroit, Mich.

● Yogi and the Yanks won't say. Best guess: \$12,000.—ED.

HOWELL AND MATHIAS

Sirs:

Besides being decathlon queen (LIFE, July 11), Sue Howell is also America's 1949 Maid of Cotton. In a



COTTON'S HOWELL (LEFT)

less sedate pose she was one of three LIFE cover girls for the University of California story (Oct. 25, 1948).

BOB MCINTYRE

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

Oh that wonderful hunk of man on your cover—Bob Mathias!

Imagine 6 feet 3 inches standing next to my own 5 feet 8 inches. . .

1) Has he a steady girl friend? If he hasn't, he better watch out!

2) How much does a trip to Tulare, Calif. cost?

ADELE KENNEDY

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

● 1) No. 2) \$75.81.—ED.

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at 9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, 20, N.Y.

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"just-combed" look



all day long!

'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is the ONLY hair tonic which contains new, wonder-working VIRATOL. This special compound helps make your hair LOOK natural, FEEL natural . . . stay in place HOURS LONGER.

Just rub a little 'Vaseline' CREAM Hair Tonic on your hair each morning . . . then COME it and FORGET it! 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is good for your SCALP, too. Contains Triple-A LANOLIN . . . checks loose DANDRUFF. Try a bottle today! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.



Tape in entertainment:
DR. CHRISTIAN, starring JEAN HERSHOLT,
on CBS every Wednesday night.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the
Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cos.'d

At your house, too,
serve the ice cream
the Broadmoor serves !

*Treat yourself today to Meadow Gold,
the ice cream you'd enjoy at the smart Broadmoor Hotel
in Colorado Springs, Colorado!*

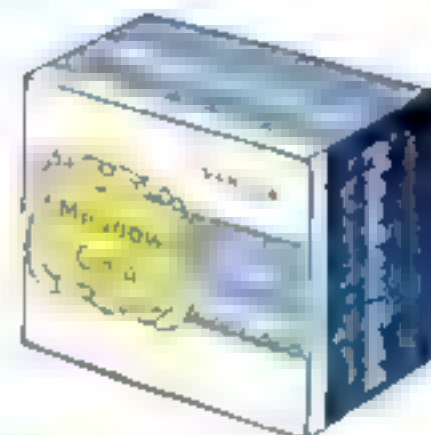


GOLDEN-GOOD as Western sunshine. Co-o-ol and smooth as the snow on Pike's Peak. That's Meadow Gold—the ice cream you're served at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs! And this wonderfully special ice cream is yours to enjoy at home, too. For, likely enough, you'll find it at the finer food stores and fountains in your home town.

Try Meadow Gold! Flavored with fine, pure cream. Rich in ripe, juicy fruits; fresh, crisp nuts; or dark, delicious chocolate. Smooth. Refreshing. *Naturally* good! Ask today for Meadow Gold, the ice cream the Broadmoor serves! Buy it in bulk, in the regular package, or in the round bulk-style container.

Buy the FLAVOR by the COLOR

Vanilla—
blue package



Special flavors—
green package



Strawberry—
red package



Chocolate—
brown package



Meadow Gold Ice Cream

A product of Beatrice Foods Co.



TEAMWORK WINS! All Regular Army men enjoy top-notch sports facilities . . . for the Army knows that athletics develop teamwork as well as alert, good health. Today's soldier is

fit—takes pride in staying that way. And he also has many opportunities to develop in other ways . . . in skill, experience . . . in ability to assume responsibility!



AN ARMY OF EXPERTS! Today every Army division requires well-trained specialists in many fields. They advance steadily in rank and pay. Top NCO's become warrant officers.

Army life: interesting, vigorous, secure . . .
it offers important duty, great opportunities



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REAL RESPONSIBILITY! Whether in training, administration or technical work . . . Army noncoms have important jobs with opportunity to exercise initiative and judgment.



SOME FUN! Dances, dramatics, hobbies, clubs! Professional soldiers today have fine opportunities for off-duty relaxation. Recreation facilities are the best.

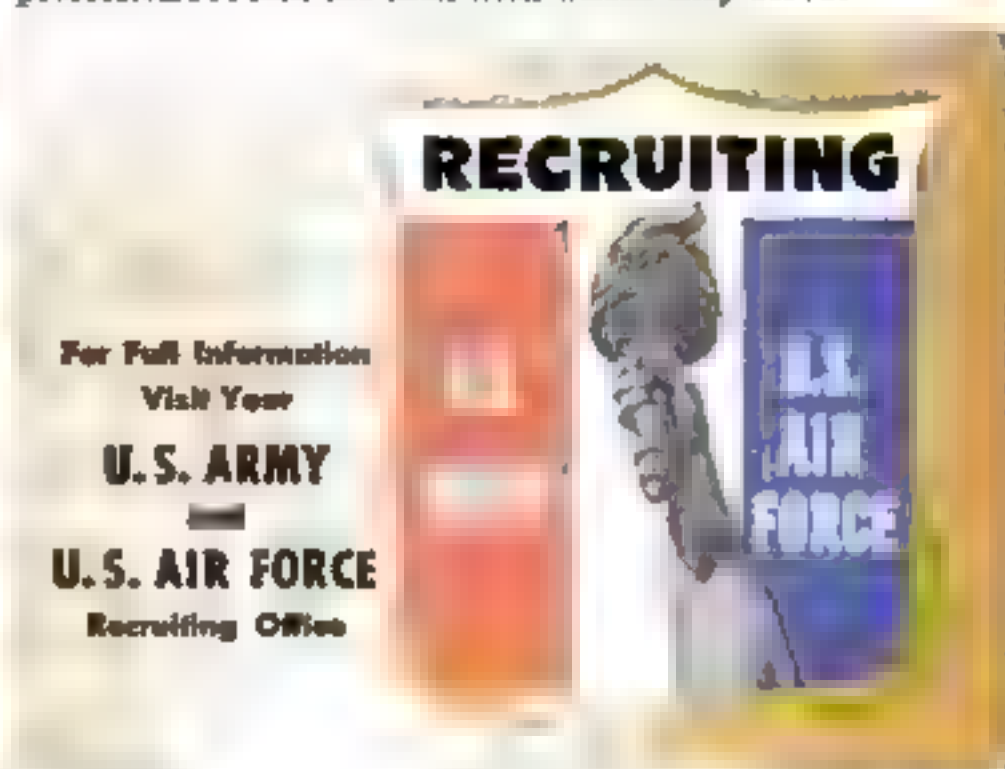
EDUCATION WITH PAY! The Army's tech school and apprentice training system give soldiers free instruction in valuable trades. Able men better themselves fast.



PROUD MOMENT! This recruit has passed new and tougher Army entrance tests . . . qualified for a career that's tops in security, retirement benefits . . . advancement, adventure!



FIND OUT today how you can build a better future, in the Regular CAREER Army. Today's soldiers are proud of their profession . . . and the men with whom they serve!



AMERICA'S FINEST MEN CHOOSE U.S. ARMY CAREERS!



Master assembler Leroy Clayton, at left, is a 25-year veteran on his Studebaker job. Sons, Lawrence G. and George C., came back from war service to resume the Studebaker work they began in 1941

"You wait and see, Dad . . . you'll have grandsons on this Studebaker team some day!"

YOUNG George Clayton works the same way he talks—with tremendous pride in being a Studebaker craftsman.

Just to watch him or his brother Lawrence do a job of metal finishing would make you want to buy a Studebaker car.

That Clayton kind of painstaking care is standard practice throughout the Studebaker plants—and it's one of the reasons a Studebaker buying wave is sweeping the country.

Many an American who bought a new Studebaker this year did so to get the wear-resisting soundness with which Studebaker craftsmen build.

For generations, the men in family after family of Studebaker's home community have been following their fathers, and even grandfathers, into jobs at Studebaker.

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COLD AND BARREN, wind whipped Arctic landscape constantly changes shape as drifting snow covers sled trails and alters the shape of drifts. Eskimo villages also are

never at rest. They are moved with the caribou herds upon which the Eskimos depend almost completely for food and clothing. At each village Constable Connick had to hire



WARM OASIS in huge expanse of snow and deadly cold, is the Mounted Police barracks at Coppermine, N.W.T. Constable Connick has been stationed here four years.

SPEAKING OF ***... THESE ARE THE COLDEST***



DICK CONNICK

On one of the hottest days of the year one of Life's editors searched his story file to see if he could find some cold-looking pictures. He found the photographs shown here—some of the most frigid-looking ever taken. They were made last winter by Richard Harrington of Toronto, during a grueling six-week, 850-mile dog-sled trip in Canada's desolate Northwest Territories.

The trip was a routine patrol that Constable Dick Connick (*left*) makes every year when the temperature is 50° below and the sun an ineffective blob on the southern horizon. His job is to check upon the health, population and general welfare of the nomadic Eskimo tribes which follow the caribou herds over the 200,000 square miles of drifting snow serviced by his two-man post.

The party, made up of Constable Connick, Photographer Harrington, Special Eskimo Constable Noel Avadluk and two Eskimo guides, started out from



new guides with dog teams who knew the most recent location of the next village on his schedule. Even so Connick was sometimes lost in the sketchily mapped wilderness for

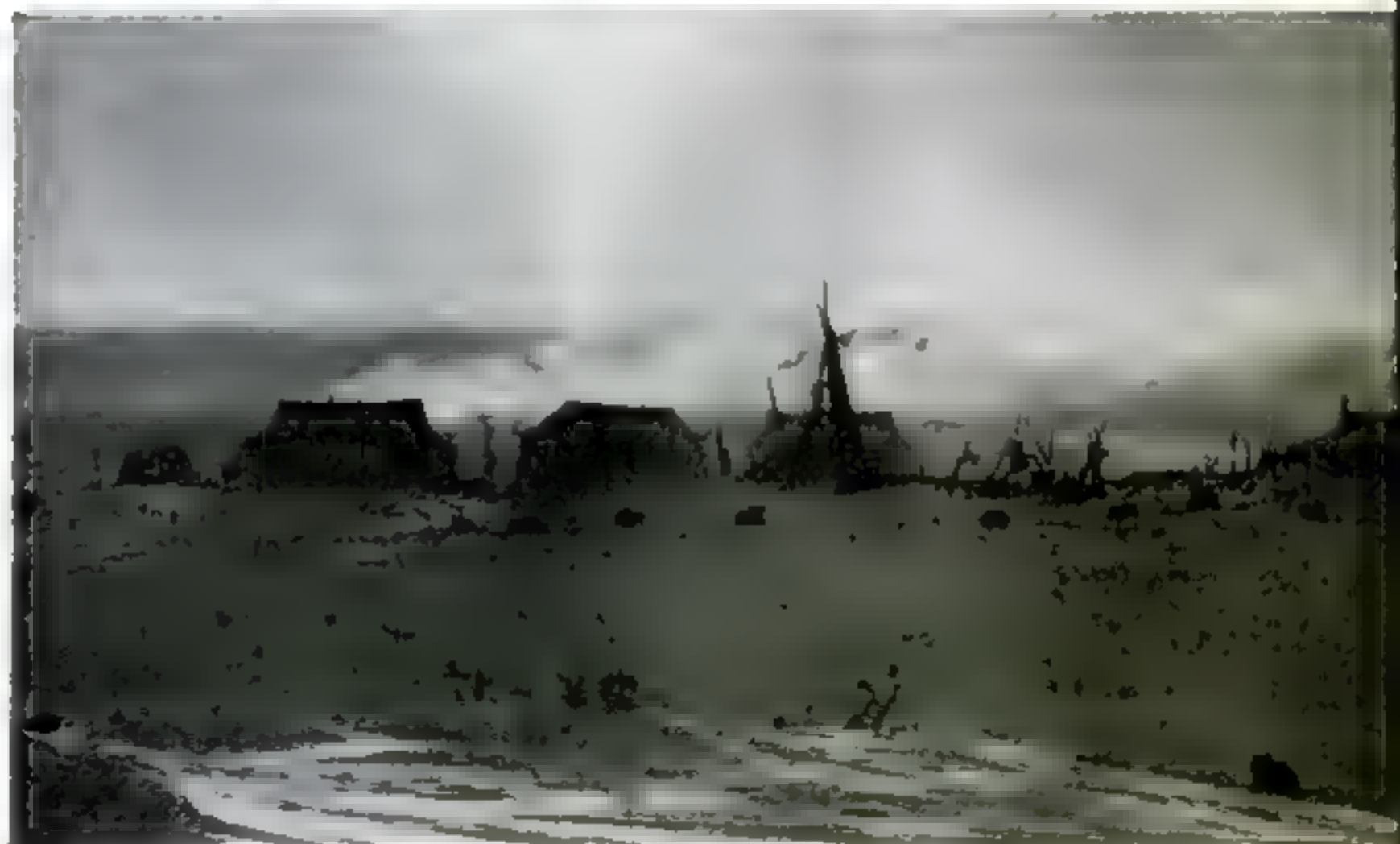
many hours. This picture, taken Feb. 2, shows the four sleds of the Connick party three days or 80 miles out of Coppermine. Afternoon sun is just above the southern horizon.

PICTURES...

LOOKING ONES WE COULD FIND

the snug Mountie barracks (*left*) at the tiny (18 whites, five Eskimo families) settlement of Coppermine, N.W.T., 100 miles inside the Arctic Circle. Bundled in caribou parkas, mittens and leggings they traveled from one Eskimo village to another. At night they slept in cramped snow-block igloos (*next page*) or in small caribou-skin tents which they heated with Primus stoves. For food they had beans, cooked and then left outdoors to freeze, hardback, biscuits, jam and tea. At each village their arrival was a big event. Connick passed out government family allowances (\$5 per child), delivered mail and settled local disputes. To show their appreciation the hospitable Eskimos fed the travelers raw caribou meat and entertained them with dances.

Back home at Coppermine at the end of the hard, cold trip, Connick first took a good, long hot bath. Then he began catching up on his piled-up desk work and the local gossip and preparing for late spring patrol trips, part of which he makes by boat and airplane. Right now Connick, just like most people, is sweating out the summer in temperatures that sometimes reach 80°.



ESKIMO CAMP consists of cluster of caribou-skin tents topped by streaming plume of smoke. Wood supply is stacked upright (*right*) to stay in sight above drifting snow.



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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



IGLOO BY DAY is an insignificant bump on vast snow fields. Guides put it up in one hour for overnight shelter. Constable Connick stands in doorway.



IGLOO AT NIGHT is bright beacon of civilization in empty darkness. This picture was made by light of four candles shining through snow-block walls.

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LIFE

Vol. 27, No. 6

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

August 1, 1949

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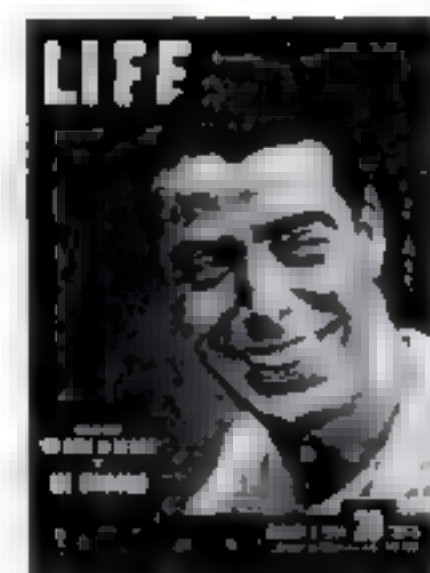
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LIFE'S COVER

This is the second time Joe DiMaggio has appeared on LIFE's cover. The first was in 1939, DiMaggio's fourth year as a New York Yankee, when it was already obvious that he was certain to become one of the greatest ball players of all time. But this year it appeared DiMaggio was through as a big-league star; he sat out the first 65 games of the season because of a bad heel. Then four weeks ago he began a sensational comeback. The story of that comeback, and the troubled weeks when he wondered whether he would ever be able to play ball again, is told by DiMaggio himself on pages 66 through 72.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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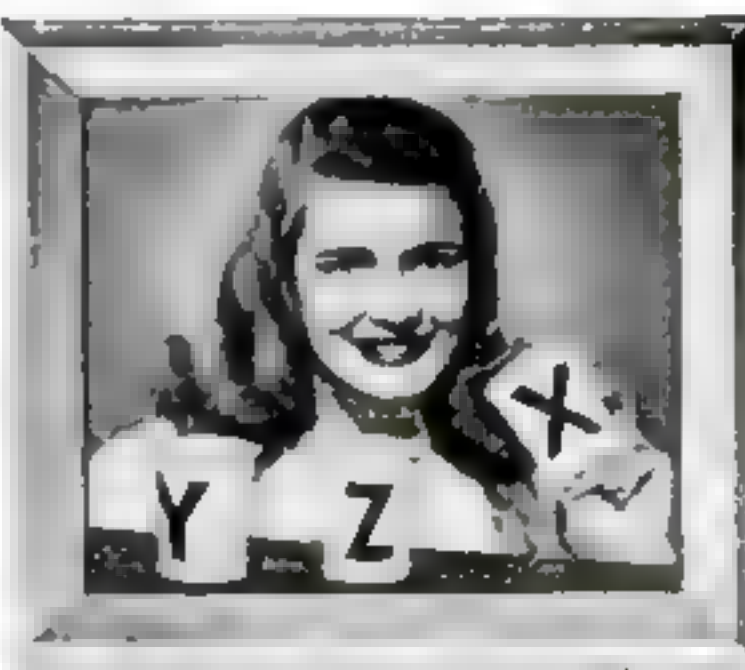
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LIFE

Vol. 27, No. 5

August 1, 1949

FRIENDSHIP RACKET

The hottest news in Washington last week, and the subject of much public indignation, concerned the old capital practice of giving autographed pictures. It started June 21 when the New York *Herald Tribune* reported that one James V. Hunt (pp. 20, 21) made a big business out of using his friendship with government officials to get orders for his businessmen clients. His fee: 5%.

Congressmen, columnists, even government officials immediately decried the "friendship racket." An Army investigation was started and two generals were temporarily suspended (next page). By last week it looked as if the scandal had reached even into the White House.

Five-percenter Hunt had named as his "dearest friend" Major General Harry Vaughan, the blundering military aide to the President. Through Vaughan, Hunt implied, he was even friendly with Truman. His proof: autographed pictures (right).

Vaughan immediately got himself in deeper by telling reporters he knew at least 300 five-percenters. Then he angrily tried to flatten the photographers who cornered him in Washington's Union Station. Next thing Vaughan knew, a Senate committee was subpoenaing records to see how much Hunt's friendship—and his autographed pictures—really meant.

The U.S. public, accustomed to such goings-on in county courthouses and big-city machines, was shocked to see them in the White House. President Truman stoutly defended Vaughan. In fact, he gave Vaughan a medal—the kind of thing machine politicians and their friends think is very funny.



FOR "COURAGE over and beyond the call of duty" in the brush with press, Vaughan got this mock medal.



AMONG HUNT'S SOUVENIRS, which were used to prove his claims to prospective clients, are these photo-

graphs, suitably autographed, from Vaughan (above), taken when he was only a colonel, and Truman (below).



Best wishes to Lt. Col. J. V. Hunt.
Harry S. Truman

HUNT'S FRIENDSHIP: IT PAID OFF AT 5%

The five-percenter who professed such friendship for Vaughan was once an Army officer himself. In 1942, as a manufacturer of shower curtains, James V. Hunt entered the Army Quartermaster's office. By 1946, when he got out, he had established an impressive list of friends who could influence

the letting of contracts. Besides Vaughan, two of his best contacts, apparently, were two major generals, Quartermaster General Herman Feldman and Chemical Corps Chief Alden Waitt (below). With a list like this Hunt was ready for business. He followed the pattern of all five-percenters.



FIVE-PERCENTER HUNT (right) and his lawyer come out of a session with the Senate committee investigator, who is busily preparing for open hearings next week.



THE HOUSE THAT HUNT BUILT with his profits from friendship cost him \$60,000. Hunt told one of his clients he got \$102,500 for one deal, \$15,000 for another in 1947.



ALDEN WAITT, Chemical Corps chief, autographed picture to Hunt. Waitt was temporarily suspended because he "improperly furnished personnel data. . . ." Data apparently consisted of derogatory memo on officer proposed to succeed him, is believed to have gone to Vaughan. Waitt was mixed up in Garsson-May case (LIFE, July 29, 1946).



HERMAN FELDMAN, Quartermaster General, had friendly message for his picture. Feldman was temporarily suspended for "furnishing procurement information to a contractor's agent." If Feldman "leaked" procurement plans, he was playing into hands of five-percenters, who find clients easy to get when they know what Army is going to need.

Setting up an impressive office, he lined his walls (below) with autographed pictures (not too difficult a job in a town full of public-relations-wise officials). Then he conducted a two-way business of acquainting clients with upcoming orders and needling his influential friends to get the orders

for his clients. His 5% fee eventually was added to the cost, so the taxpayer footed the bill.

Last week Hunt had "heart trouble," with good reason. The publicity would nullify his influence for a long time. But the Senate committee faced a ticklish job in separating racketeers from legiti-

mate operators in a business always bordering on the shady side. And as long as big government keeps getting bigger, the five-percenter will flourish in a variety of names as surely as the lobbyist does. The main responsibility must remain with government officials to behave in a proper manner.



THE FACES ON HUNT'S WALL are nearly all autographed. Most of them are, of course, honorable people. Some of them: Senator O'Mahoney (top row, under sword tassel), Senator Brewster (to right of sword tip), General Waitt (to right of Brewster), Senator Ferguson (second row, left), General Feldman (next to Ferguson), Senator Mo-

Mahon (fifth from left), Housing Expediter Tiggs Woods (third from right), Senator and former Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson (next to Woods), former Senator James Mead (third row, fourth from left), Senator Myers (bottom row, fifth from left), Senator Margaret Smith (next to Myers) and ex-Senator "Happy" Chandler (far right).

NEGROES ARE AMERICANS

JACKIE ROBINSON PROVES IT IN WORDS AND ON THE BALL FIELD



Singer Robeson, shown speaking in Paris, was also a great athlete. At Rutgers ('19) he was an All-American end, a letter man in baseball, basketball, track. But his honors as athlete, student, singer, actor never endeared America to him. He has long preferred Russia and communism, and he surprised nobody when he said in Paris that U.S. Negroes would not fight for their "oppressors" against the Soviet Union. Robinson's reply: "... It sounds very silly to me. But he has a right to his personal views."



Second Baseman Robinson steals home at Ebbets Field July 16 as Cincinnati beat the Dodgers, 7-6. Last weekend Jackie Robinson was leading the National League in batting (.358), in stolen bases (23) and in runs batted in (74).

This week Jackie Robinson, the Negro star of the Brooklyn Dodgers, gives us our editorial. We think all Americans should read what he had to say the other day before a congressional committee in answer to the pro-Communist propaganda of Paul Robeson, the Negro actor and singer, who recently outdid himself by declaring in Paris that American Negroes will never fight for the U.S. against Russia. Second Baseman Robinson met this libel with a very simple point: U.S. Negroes are Americans. In elaborating he made a couple of other points which go far to explain why the Communist party has had so little luck among American Negroes, who in many ways would seem to be its natural recruits. Negroes are a deeply religious people, and they are a respectable people. If proof is needed on either score, Jackie Robinson provides it. He is a Methodist who can say with conviction, "I am a religious man." He is also an intensely respectable man who takes proper pride in his handsome family (*opposite*) and in his success as the first Negro admitted to major-league baseball.

Admirers of Ring Lardner may doubt that any ballplayer could write the statement we are about to quote. Well, Jackie Robinson is a literate fellow who was a four-letter man at college (U.C.L.A.). "I did the writing," he said after he had made his statement, "but I had a lot of help in getting it just right." For our money it was just right. After disclaiming any expertise on isms, Mr. Robinson said:

"You can put me down as an expert on being a colored American, with 30 years of experience at it. And just like any other colored person with sense enough to look around him and understand what he sees, I know that life in these United States can be mighty tough for people who are a little different from the majority—in their skin, color or the way they worship their God, or the way they spell their names.

"I'm not fooled because I've had a chance open to very few Negro Americans. It's true that I've been the laboratory specimen in a great change in organized baseball. I'm proud that I've made good on my assignment to the point where other colored players will find it easier to enter the game and go to the top. But I'm very well aware that even this limited job isn't finished yet. . . .

"As I see it there has been a terrific lot of misunderstanding on this subject of communism among Negroes in this country, and it's bound to hurt my people's cause unless it's cleared up.

"The white public should start toward real understanding by appreciating that every single Negro who is worth his salt is going to resent any kind of slurs and discrimination because of his race, and he's going to use every bit of intelligence, such as he has, to stop it. This has got absolutely nothing to do with what Communists may or may not be trying to do.

"And white people must realize that the more a Negro hates communism because it

opposes democracy, the more he is going to hate any other influence that kills off democracy in this country—and that goes for racial discrimination in the Army, and segregation on trains and buses, and job discrimination because of religious beliefs or color or place of birth.

"And one other thing the American public ought to understand, if we are to make progress in this matter, is the fact that because it is a Communist who denounces injustice in the courts, police brutality and lynching, when it happens, doesn't change the truth of his charges. Just because Communists kick up a big fuss over racial discrimination when it suits their purposes, a lot of people try to pretend that the whole issue is a creation of Communist imagination. . . . Negroes were stirred up long before there was a Communist party, and they'll stay stirred up long after the party has disappeared—unless Jim Crow has disappeared by then as well.

"I understand that there are some few Negroes who are members of the Communist party, and in event of war with Russia they would probably act just as any other Communists would. So would members of other minority and majority groups. . . . Most Negroes—and Italians and Irish and Jews and Swedes and Slavs and other Americans—would act just as all these groups did in the last war. They'd do their best to help their country stay out of war; if unsuccessful, they'd do their best to help their country win the war—against Russia or any other enemy that threatened us. . . .

"What I'm trying to get across is that the American public is off on the wrong foot when it begins to think of radicalism in terms of any special minority group. It is thinking of this sort that gets people scared because one Negro, speaking to a Communist group in Paris, threatens an organized boycott by 15 million members of his race.

"I can't speak for any 15 million people any more than any other one person can, but I know that I've got too much invested for my wife and child and myself in the future of this country, and I and other Americans of many races and faiths have too much invested in our country's welfare, for any of us to throw it away because of a siren song sung in bass.

"I am a religious man. Therefore I cherish America where I am free to worship as I please, a privilege which some countries do not give. And I suspect that 999 out of almost any 1,000 colored Americans you meet will tell you the same thing.

"But that doesn't mean that we're going to stop fighting race discrimination in this country until we've got it licked. It means that we're going to fight it all the harder because our stake in the future is so big. We can win our fight without the Communists and we don't want their help."

When he had finished someone in the audience called out, "Amen!" So say we.

JACKIE ROBINSON SITS ON STEPS OF BROOKLYN HOME
WITH HIS WIFE RACHEL AND 2-YEAR-OLD JACKIE JR.





TWO NOBLES FROM WISCONSIN SHOW OFF THEIR CAMEL IN THE SHRINE PARADE

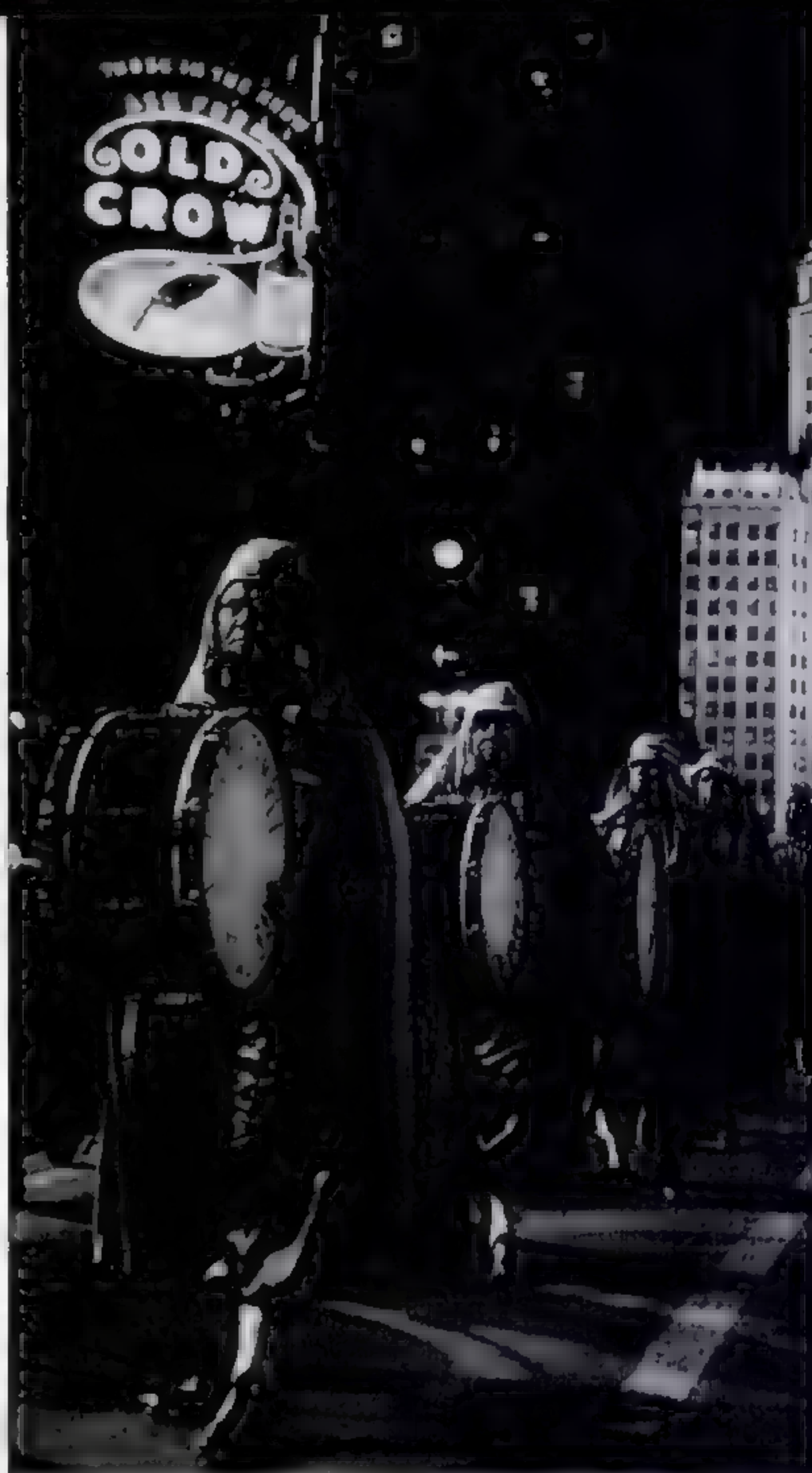
↑ SHRINERS IN CHICAGO

Parading lodgemen pick a great comedian as "Pote"



NEW POTENTATE Harold Lloyd of the movies gets kiss from wife, Mildred Davis.

The resplendently costumed Masonic super lodge known as the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine descended on Chicago last week with 75,000 nobles, six camels and 130 brass or exotically assorted bands. Before the last look of Sahara had gone from Michigan Avenue (above) the Shriners could claim their mightiest parade, a visit and speech from Noble Harry S. Truman (who annoyed some of the boys by wearing his straw hat instead of a fez), and a new Imperial Potentate ("Pote" for short) whose fame and fortune perfectly suited the job: Movie Comedian Harold Lloyd.



THE SYNTHETIC ARABS OF PYRAMID TEMPLE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., BOOM DOWN

ARLINE OF VISITING LIONS, DRESSED TO REPRESENT 19 STATES, HAWAII AND CUBA.





CHICAGO'S MICHIGAN AVENUE PAST THE WRIGLEY BUILDING'S SHINING TOWER

GAZES FROM CENTRAL PARK TOWARD MID-MANHATTAN'S HEAT-HAZED SKYLINE

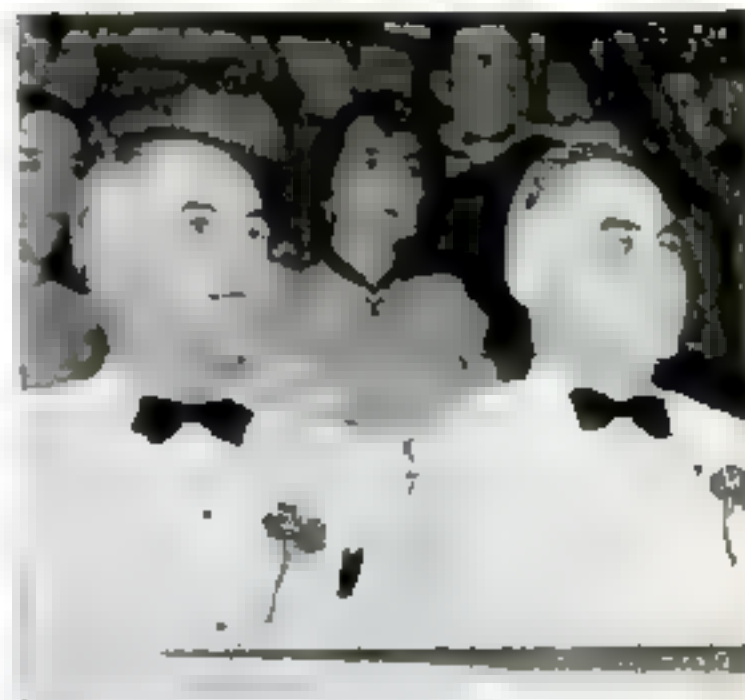


CLEVELAND SHRINERS ON TRICK BANDSTAND PLAY FOR CHICAGO STREET DANCE

← LIONS IN NEW YORK

Biggest of service clubs decides to build new city

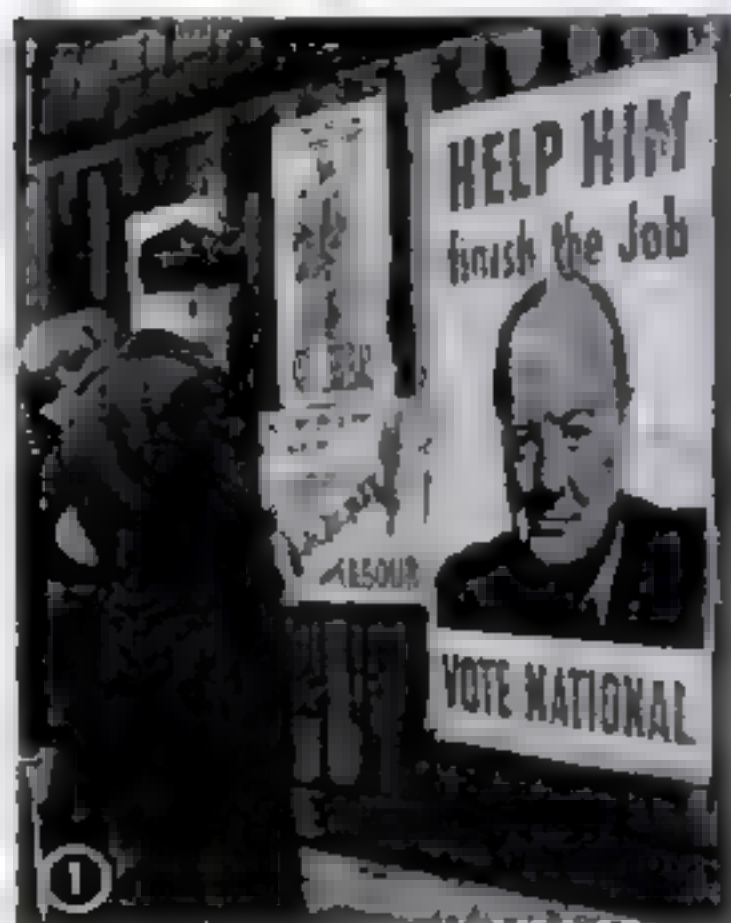
Another huge convention put the look of America on the face of New York City. Lions International, largest of U.S. service clubs (its older rivals are Rotary and Kiwanis), counted 26,171 representatives—so many it took the combined capacities of Madison Square Garden and two big hotels to hold the grand ball. The Lions' less expensive costumes (left) were mostly shed after a big parade. Then the convention got down to hearing about a spectacular project: a "Lions International City." The building of it will begin next fall 30 miles south of Chicago on 370 acres purchased for \$442,000.



NEW PRESIDENT of Lions, W. C. Fisher (left), follows twinlike Dr. E. S. Briggs.



← **KEY FIGURE** in crisis years was wry, dry Sir Stafford Cripps, vegetarian and teetotaler, a man of brilliant mind and herculean stature, who led wheat the nation into practicing the austerity which his own tiny figure symbolized. Dictator of Britain's economic life, he emboldened its will to survive as much as Winston Churchill, had in the war years. But last week when he departed, overworked and ill, for Switzerland, he left unanswered the question whether Britons could indeed lift themselves bodily by the Cripps method or whether the government would have to resort temporarily at least to devaluation or other drastic measures which Cripps himself sternly and proudly sought to avoid.



ELECTION OF 1945 sent Churchill out, faced Labor's socialist experiments with postwar problems as last of \$40,000,000,000 in U.S. Lend Lease aid drained away.



HOUSING NEEDS were an immediate concern in 1945, one which was not solved or delayed. One of the most serious problems were needed, especially for the war-torn built.



FANTASTIC WINTER of 1946-47 was bad luck. It cost Britain \$1.2 billion, delayed recovery, upset economic planning, showed basic weak points of her economy.



COAL STRIKE in Great Britain (above) lost 1,000,000 tons, lasted 10 days. Workmen under a new program expected to have more good things with less work.



NATIONALIZATION was extended by 1948 from coal to include electricity, gas, transport, steel. Private enterprise protested violently. Bureaucracy burgeoned.



HEALTH PLAN was a major leap toward welfare state. Britons get free treatment for everything from bunions to babies. Cost, one billion dollars yearly.

AFTER FOUR AUSTERE YEARS BRITAIN FACES FAILURE

In July 1945 the British people voted into office a Socialist-Labor government committed both to binding up Britain's war wounds and to building a new and brighter Britain for the future. Since then the Laborites have bumped into some hard facts of life. The drama of four austere years (below)

highlighted such problems as the partial breakup of the Empire, what bad weather and strikes can do to a domestic economy and how fast a dollar disappears. By last week, as their latest dollar crisis drew world attention, the British faced the stark necessity of finding a way to stave off bankruptcy.



RECONVERSION was speedy but Britain lacked money and machines to refurbish outmoded plants, is thus still handicapped in competitive world markets.



EXPORT GOODS such as fine chinaware faced U.S. high tariffs but were Britain's hope of replacing lost income from abroad. The war had cut her export trade in half.



RATIONING CONTINUED under austerity program. Mass of Britons got enough to eat but had little choice; queues, started already in war, were endless nuisance.



U.S. DOLLARS were again urgent need when U.S. Ambassador Douglas arrived in 1947. British were galloping through new 1946 loan meant to last until 1951.



GERMAN OCCUPATION cost \$450 million yearly for nonmilitary expenses alone. Britain had to merge zone with U.S., which took over most of costs for both.



INDIA'S FREEDOM symbolized end of "buy cheap, sell dear" era in which Britain had flourished in 19th Century. Potential new Indian markets are not yet tapped.



PALESTINE MANDATE supplied dollars and food to Britain. British withdrawal in May 1948 was another blow to prestige and interests throughout Middle East.



MARSHALL PLAN gave Britain's waning dollar supply a \$1,612,812,000 boost. But it complicated intra-European trade and problems of pound convertibility.



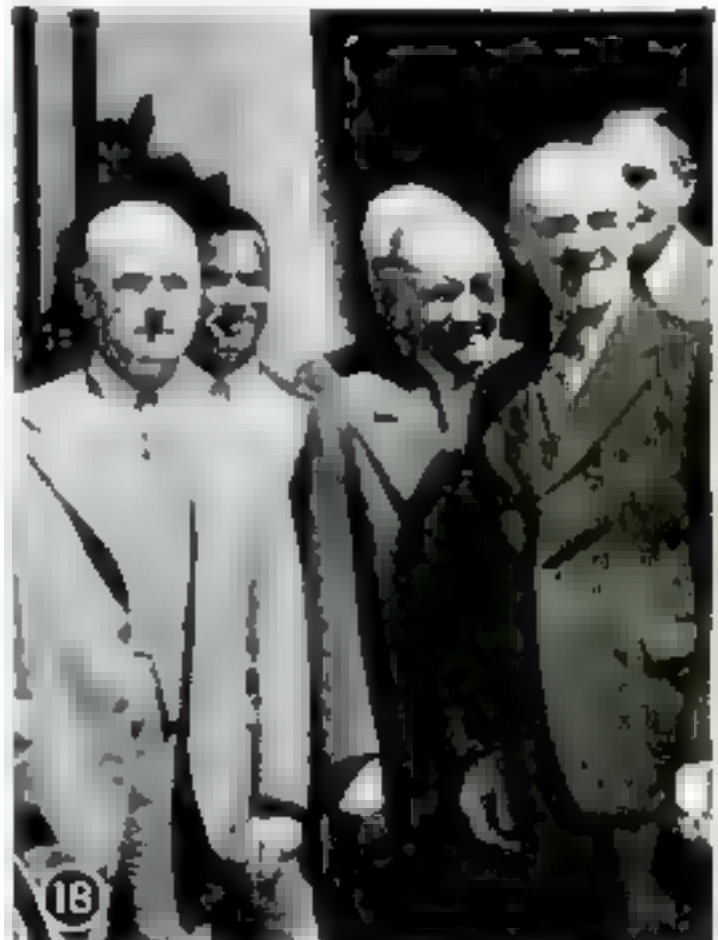
TOURIST TRADE was pushed as dollar source but netted only \$50 million in 1948 Olympics year and \$70 million this year—a little help but far from enough.



COMMONWEALTH LEADERS met last week in London to discuss over-all \$2 billion deficit with Prime Minister Attlee (right), decided to cut dollar imports 25%.



DOCKERS' STRIKE, settled last week, revealed governmental confusion, held up export goods, delayed imports under new bilateral agreements criticized by the U.S.



MORE DOLLARS is still problem facing Britain as U.S. Treasury's John Snyder (left) arrives in London. The dollar reserve is \$376 million below danger point.



A STURDY GOVERNESS HERDS QUINTS INTO GARDEN

ARGENTINE QUINTS ARE 6

In Buenos Aires their birthday is a festive occasion

By the time the Diligenti quintuplets were discovered in Argentina a little over five years ago (their rich father had kept them secret because he felt publicity might spoil their lives), the world's excitement about quintuplets was nearly submerged in the 10-year flood of pictures of Canada's Dionnes. But last week in Buenos Aires, where 350 neighbors helped the Argentine quints celebrate their sixth birthday, it was clear again that having quintuplets is just as wonderful and exciting as it is rare. A *LIFE* photographer's record of the birthday party showed that the Diligenti quints at 6 are pert, handsome and intelligent. They were ushered out of the family villa and into a tent-topped garden pavilion late in the afternoon, fitted with tinselly paper hats and required, in Argentine family tradition, to recite little poems for the guests. Papa Diligenti, an owner of farms and factories, hired a ventriloquist with performing dogs for birthday entertainment (except on special occasions the quints live without pampering and attend kindergarten in a class with 18 other children). While they watched, the quint's eyes sparkled like precious gems, and Mama and Papa Diligenti knew once more that they were five times blessed.



ALL DRESSED UP AND SPORTING GAY PAPER HATS, THE DILIGENTI QUINTUPLETS



NERVOUS MOTHER Diligenti purses her lips as she carefully cuts birthday cake. A violinist fiddles *Happy Birthday* while several guests crowd in to watch the ceremony.



PROUD FATHER Diligenti (right) fixes sharp, admiring eyes on son Franco as the biggest quint recites poems. Maria Fernanda and Maria Christina await their turns.



LEAD THEIR GUESTS IN SINGING BIRTHDAY SONGS. FROM THE LEFT ARE CARLOS ALBERTO, MARIA ESTER, MARIA FERNANDA, MARIA CHRISTINA AND FRANCO



SMALL PROBLEMS like nose-blowing gave Mama Diligenti a busy afternoon. Here her braceleted arm carries emergency aid to Maria Fernanda just before the program

begins. Recitations showed quints have learned French, English, Italian and Spanish. But showing off embarrassed them. They preferred entertainment by a ventriloquist.



FOUR OF A KIND The only place in the U.S. where a man can stand in four states at the same time is Four Corners Monument, 200 miles southwest of Denver

on a remote plateau which abounds in sagebrush and Indians. On July 18 the governors of Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico, none of whom had seen Four Corners, met there with 1,200 civic do-gooders

for a session of regional goodwill. Shown above (left to right) are Arizona's Dan Garvey, Utah's Bracken Lee, Colorado's Lee Knous and New Mexico's Tom Mabry—each having lunch in his own state.

CHANNEL SWIMMER Shirley May France, a 16-year-old Somerset, Mass. school-girl who hopes to become the youngest person to swim the English Channel, did a 12-mile practice swim in New York Harbor, covered with grease applied by her coach (left) and father (right). In Channel, Shirley will wear grease, no bathing suit.



BOAT IN DISTRESS This unusual picture of a sailboat in trouble was taken off Point Betsie, Mich. as a squall ruffled the surface of Lake Michigan during the annual Chicago-to-Mackinac race.





COOLING-OFF PERIOD The photograph above, taken one night last week as a crowd of teenagers sloshed in a pool at Spokane, Wash., shows one

sensible thing to be done about the heat. Not everyone had night swimming facilities, however: most people could only fan themselves and grumble. They could also note the usual manifestations of dog days

—exploding concrete highways, buckled railroad tracks in Massachusetts, fused subway connections in New York City and a barber in Iowa who took off his shoes and socks and suggested others do the same.

The crew of the yawl *Rubaiyat* is unable to lower its spinnaker, shown here fluttering wildly like an airport's windsock, because of a jammed rope, making it necessary for one man to shinny up the heeled-over mast (top of picture) and loosen the line.



GOVERNOR'S FISH California's Governor Earl Warren indulged in nonpolitical activity recently with great success. Fishing off Lower California, he snagged a whopping 220-pound striped marlin, brought it to gaff after a 50-minute battle. Then the governor posed with his sons (below) beside the catch, as proud as any tourist.



LIFE CONGRATULATES



TIGHE WOODS

The nation's housing expediter formed a corporation of his own, built a house near Fort Belvoir, Va. to sell at \$6,750. Admiring living room with secretary (*above*), he told how he did it: simple construction, low profit. Grumbling contractors pointed out it had only one bedroom, hooted they could build it, too, but "it's not a house." Woods calls it a Ramblerette.



BIPARTISAN SENATORS

Biggest milestone in U.S. foreign relations was passed last week when the Senate ratified Atlantic Pact, 82-13. It was also a great achievement of bipartisan Senators Tom Connally, Democrat (*second from left*), and Arthur Vandenberg, Republican (*right*). Senator Lucas (*left*) and "Veep" Barkley also look on as Leslie Biffle, Senate's secretary, signs ratification.



MILO BARUS

German Stunt Man Barus lugs a 300-lb. pony up a flight of stairs. Since the war he has been delighting Germans by hoisting automobiles, supporting merry-go-rounds on his chest and wrestling a bull. The bull always gets thrown.



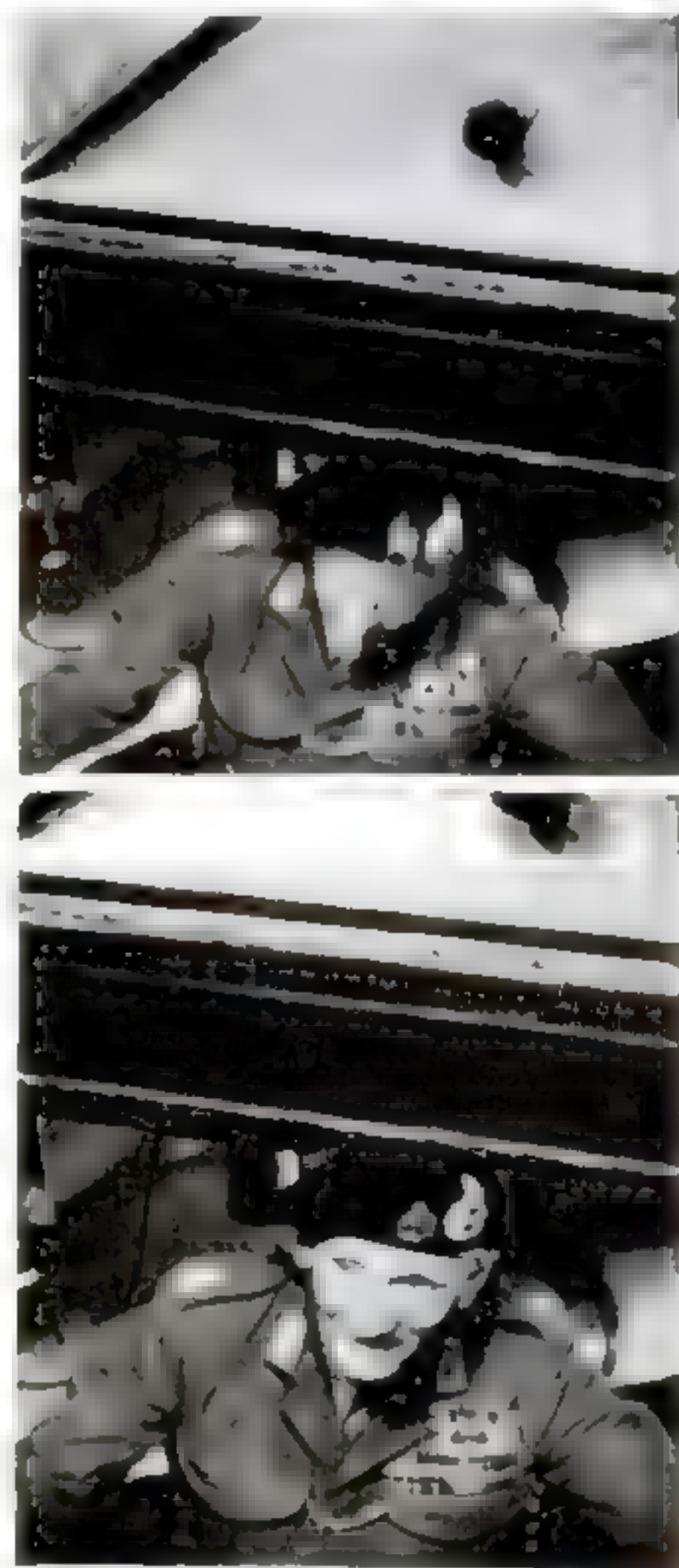
CHARLES F. KETTERING

On the 40th anniversary of the day a "barn loft gang" assembled to tinker with the automobile in Dayton, Ohio, the now retired General Motors research head was honored for the gang's biggest boon to the motorist: the self-starter.



ALBERT GORE

Biggest fight in Congress last week came when Representative Gore (D., Tenn.), usually an administration stalwart, introduced a bill to scrap the Truman-Brannan farm plan (*LIFE*, July 25) and keep up present support system. Gore won.



FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY

He hopped his head aboard a warship during first maneuvers of new Western European Union forces. But with a clear head he announced later, "As a Christian soldier I declare myself an enemy of communism and all it stands for."

"Finest picture quality I've ever seen in Television"

says Margaret Bourke-White
WORLD-FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER



MISS BOURKE-WHITE's outstanding photographs have earned her a world-wide reputation. She is an exacting judge of picture quality. "Finest I've seen!" she says of RCA Victor's Eye Witness projection television pictures. "In projection television, *brilliance is the thing* and this RCA Victor receiver gives you the most I've ever seen."

This beautiful RCA Victor projection console shows you pictures fifteen by twenty inches big, almost the size of a full newspaper page. They're the *largest* home-size Eye Witness television pictures... and they give the sharpest black-and-white contrast in projection television.

The Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer, an RCA Victor development, corrects the timing of the picture signal, *locks the picture in tune* with sending stations. With FM sound through the famous "Golden Throat," you *see and hear* as though you were an eye witness right at the scene!

Remote Control



You can adjust picture brilliance from your easy chair with this 3-inch by 4-inch remote control unit, furnished with Model 9PC41 and finished to match the cabinet of your choice.



Viewing screen folds into cabinet which is finished in matched and hand-rubbed mahogany, walnut or, for slightly more, blond. **\$795***
Authentic 18th Century design.
RCA Victor 9PCH. AC.

plus Federal tax and installation

*Suggested list price subject to change without notice. Zone 2 price slightly higher.

EYE WITNESS

TELEVISION

RCA factory-guaranteed installation and maintenance are available through the Optional RCA Victor Television Owner Contract. Ask your dealer for details.



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New Road

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can make a great team*

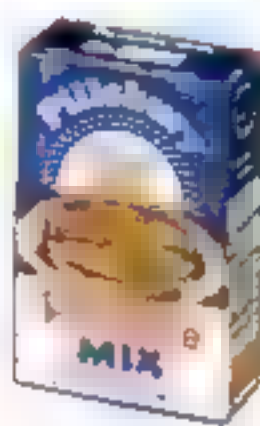
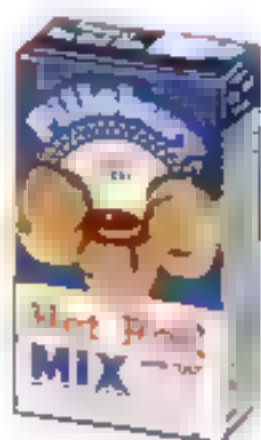
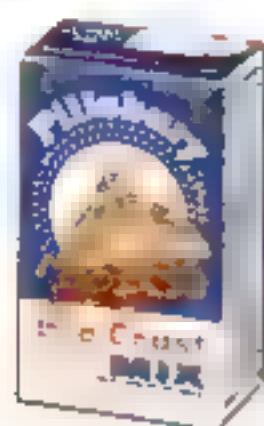
Ann Pillsbury has developed these new cake mixes in her kitchen to save you time in your kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.



VERSATILE, TOO! This white cake mix makes wonderful yellow and spice cakes.



**OTHER NEW
MIXES FROM
Pillsbury
MIX
HEADQUARTERS**



2 NEW
WHITE AND

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to Triumph

fine cake making

MILK IS ALL YOU ADD to the 2 New Pillsbury Cake Mixes
to make superb cakes



Rest assured! Every time you bake, you can turn out really elegant cake. Because, in these mixes, Pillsbury provides the finest ingredients—special cake flour, eggs, shortening, sugar. Everything is blended, completely and perfectly, to give you the same fine results—every time you bake.

These are the easiest cakes you ever remember baking! Everything comes right in the package. You merely put mix and milk into a bowl—beat and bake! That's all there is to it. No "halfway" mix, to which eggs and other ingredients must be added, can possibly give you such unvarying quality, ease and convenience as these two Pillsbury mixes.



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Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

CHOCOLATE FUDGE... THE 2 FLAVORS AMERICA LIKES BEST

Old Faithful

TAKES FLIGHT

● A spectacular example of a *natural* spray pattern is seen in "Old Faithful"—the Yellowstone geyser. Tons of water, forced through a relatively small opening, burst forth in a towering spray

Today, on a smaller scale, "Old Faithful" flies! Fuel is forced through the injection nozzles of jet engines to form a continuous "geyser" in the combustion chamber. Broken into minute particles—well mixed with air—the fuel ignites in a rapid and powerful blast. To Shell scientists, the *pattern* of this spray is an important part of jet research.

Often, when jet planes climb to 30,000, 40,000, 50,000 feet altitude, the rarefied air causes the flame to blow out—forcing a pilot to slow down and drop to thicker air before he can rekindle his furnace. Better spray patterns reduce this hazard

Again, the perfect spray pattern is a clue to more efficient jet flight in Arctic areas. Important phases of Shell's spray pattern research are going forward where "freezing" is warm weather. They seek fuels which give a better pattern in sub-zero temperatures—won't congeal and trickle uselessly from the injection nozzle

Already, in one of the world's great jet laboratories, Shell has learned how to extend the running time of a jet engine between overhauls . . . found ways to make exact analyses of materials in the exhausts of a jet . . . simplified the cleaning of jet engines. Improved spray patterns, giving a faster, cleaner flame, are another step forward

End-product, for jet pilots, will be a more dependable "geyser" in the engine. And when you're flying at the speed of sound, it's good to know "Old Faithful" will live up to its name

More dependable spray patterns for jet planes are only one research achievement by which Shell demonstrates leadership in the petroleum industry, and in petroleum products

Wherever you see the Shell name and trade mark, Shell Research is your guarantee of quality





AS SNOW WHITE, Mickey Cohen got this wry salute from a Los Angeles newspaper after his muscular "dwarfs" were accused of beating up a man who allegedly had

swindled a widow. The dwarfs (left to right) are "Muscles" Rist, "Roughy" Lubin, "Neddie" Herbert, Nick Nicoli, "Perfume" Ogul, "Happy" Meltzer and Lou Schwartz.

A "MICKEY" FOR MICKEY

Hollywood's gambling haberdasher, Michael Cohen, is gunned down in a new outbreak of gangster warfare

Even the nicest people can get into trouble if they take to staying out late at night and passing their time in saloons. Look what happened to Mickey Cohen, a Hollywood haberdasher who sometimes has been compared to Snow White (above). Mickey and a few of his good friends were sitting up late the night of July 19 at a place called Sherry's, on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. They got ready to go about 3:30 a.m., and after a couple of kindly cops were dispatched to make sure there were no ill-wishers around Mickey's house, the party came out on the sidewalk. Unfortunately, the cops hadn't looked directly across the boulevard. There were some ill-wishers there under a signboard, and they started firing shotguns at Mickey and his pals.

In a twinkling Mickey, a close friend named

"Neddie" Herbert, a pretty girl named Dalonne ("Dee") David and a large special agent named Harry Cooper were rolling around on the concrete, full of lead slugs (below). Nobody got killed, but everybody had to go to the hospital (pp. 38-39), and the ill-wishers got clean away. The next day Mickey was up and around (p. 40), but he didn't have the slightest idea who had done the shooting. The cops, who think Mickey is the West's boss gambler and successor to the late "Bugsy" Siegel as underworld czar of Hollywood, didn't believe him.

This hurt Mickey, who has had difficulty with police skepticism in the past. In 1945, for example, when Cohen had to shoot Maxie Shaman, it took nearly 18 hours to persuade the law that he had

acted entirely in self-defense. The police also were mildly dubious when another friend of Mickey's, "Hooky" Rothman, was shot to death in the Cohen haberdashery last year while Mickey was in the bathroom washing his hands.

There were a few cynics, of course, who thought maybe the Los Angeles police themselves had put the guns on Mickey for implicating some members of the force in the sensational Brenda Allen vice scandal (LIFE, July 18). They also wondered why California's attorney general, Fred Napoleon Howser, had assigned the wounded Harry Cooper as a bodyguard to watch over the little haberdasher. In the midst of this speculation, only Mickey Cohen was unconfused. He just repeated what he had often said before, "I'm pure as the driven snow!"

MOMENT AFTER THE SHOTGUN FUSILLADE, STARTLED SPECTATORS GATHER AROUND SHERRY'S HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT AS TWO MEN GIVE CASUALTIES FIRST AID



SWANSON



Made with
real
Butter Gravy!
says Penny the Hen

best chicken fricassee
you ever tasted!



INSPECTED FOR
WHOLESOMENESS
BY U. S. DEPARTMENT
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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as not an advertised product

one full pound



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CHICKEN★TURKEY

Mickey Cohen CONTINUED



FLOWER-LOVING MICKEY and Mrs. Cohen browsed through their garden a few weeks ago to prove that Mickey is really just a sensitive haberdasher.



OFFICIAL BODYGUARD was assigned to Cohen by attorney general in response to rumors that Mickey was on spot. Big Harry Cooper (left) got job.



HARRY AND MICKEY went to the hospital together. Bodyguard Cooper (left) got two slugs in the stomach. Cohen (right) suffered only minor wound.



FASHION PLATE MICKEY proudly shows off his shoes and suits. Even before the shooting, some people thought 50 suits were a lot for a haberdasher.



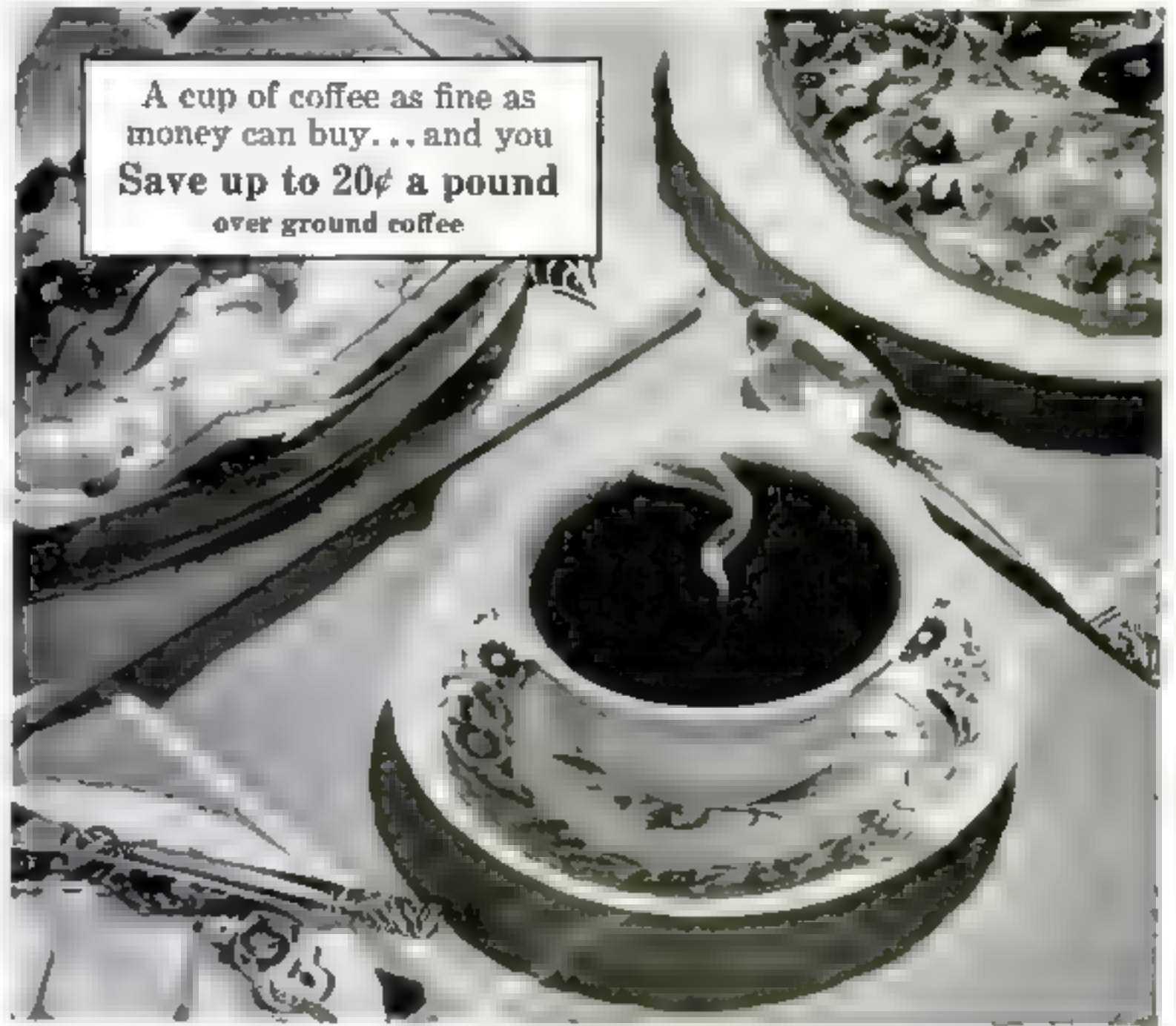
HENCHMAN NEDDIE HERBERT is loaded into an ambulance after he was wounded in the side, arm, wrist and foot. Neddie is one of Mickey's boys.



LIFE FOR A LADY who nearly lost it is assured by plasma tube in Actress Dee David's arm. Dee, who was with one of Mickey's boys, got four bullets.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"We first used it while touring in our car," writes Mrs. Charles Edholm, Lincoln, Nebraska. "During the trip, my husband, who's a particular coffee drinker, kept raving about how good Instant Chase & Sanborn was. Ever since, this wonderful coffee has been the only coffee we use—for breakfast and all meals."



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Always delicious, clear, fresh!
And so easy—compared to the
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Enjoy Instant Chase & Sanborn at meals or anytime you drink coffee.

Made by the makers of famous Chase & Sanborn Coffees... Fine coffee roasters since 1864.



ONE

Use one rounded tea-spoon per cup (more or less according to strength desired).



TWO Add hot water. Stir until dissolved. Use cream and sugar to taste.



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Chase & Sanborn Coffee

WITH DEXTRINS, MALTOSE, AND DEXTROSE ADDED



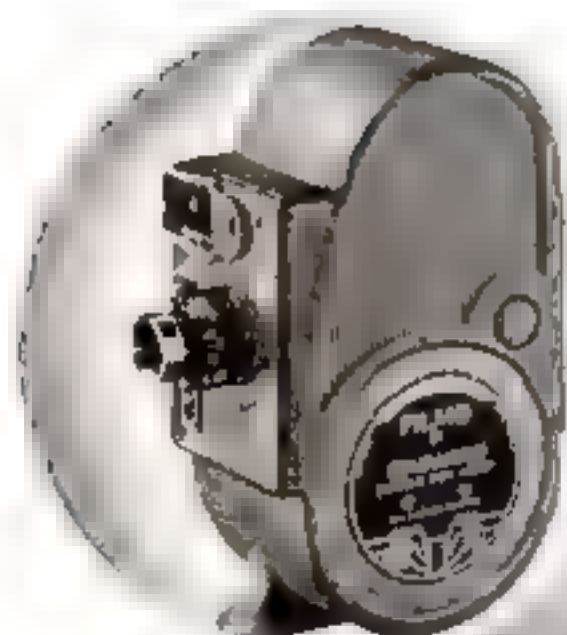
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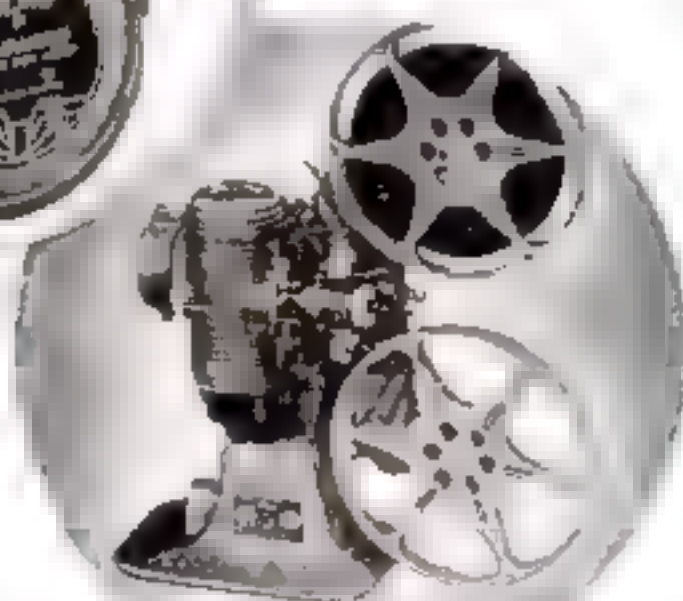
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Mickey Cohen CONTINUED



ATTORNEY GENERAL Howser visits his wounded agent, Cooper. Howser gave Cohen protection after gangster testified against Los Angeles police.



MENDED MICKEY gets up the next day to visit wounded members of his party. Deputy Sheriff (left) and a Cohen lieutenant (right) keep a close watch.



LAW AND DISORDER join forces to guard Mickey's hospital room. Cohen henchman David Ogul scans corridor as Deputy K. E. Irving eats breakfast

For a Treat
instead of a Treatment
treat yourself to
OLD GOLDS



We still say you'll pick

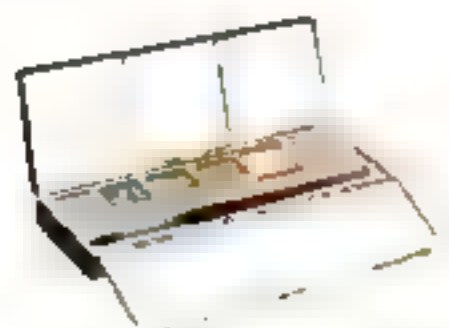
Old Golds...

for downright good taste
and smoking pleasure!



Announcing—the loveliest sheets that ever graced your bed...

Combspun Cannon Percales in Wonderful Water Colors!



HERE THEY ARE—the perfect pastel sheet shades you've been waiting for! Dream-soft *Water Colors*—in dream-smooth *Combspun Cannon Percale*!

These Cannon *Water Colors* are true pastels—delicate, flattering, style-right. Find your favorite at the nearest counter where you can buy *Combspun Cannon Percale Sheets*!

Choose from 6 exquisite Water Colors! All the most-wanted shades, that might have come from an enchanted paint box. Which one will make you feel your loveliest, blend most beautifully with your bedroom color schemes? Take your pick!

Rejoice—they're wash-fast, fade-resistant! These pretty colors stay per-

fect—through washing after washing! Thorough tests prove that Cannon *Water Colors* are *fast colors*!

Enjoy COMBSPUN Cannon Percale luxury! These beauties are as delightful to touch as they are to look at. Whisper-soft sheets in famous Cannon Percale—now *Combspun*! Fine cotton is combed to leave only the long fibers that weave into smooth perfection!

Please your practical side! Been holding off—because you thought colored sheets *had* to be heiress-priced? Not these Cannon marvels!

You get a simply wonderful value! Hurry out now and get your luscious Cannon *Water Color Percale Sheets*. Add color to your dreams—choose your next sheets in these superb Cannon *WATER COLORS*!



LAGOON GREEN Limpid and fresh as cool water—lovely way to make nighttime more glamorous.



SUNRISE PEACH The warm undertones of a spring dawn...marvelously flattering.



©OPR. 1948. CANNON MILLS, INC.

Cannon Percale Sheets—Now



SHELL PINK Sentimental shade of true pink, to give your skin a surface-of-pearl glow.



AQUAMARINE Serene, subtle—as personal a pleasure as having real lace on your nightgown.



MOONLIGHT YELLOW Delicate luminous shade, to make you feel pampered as a moon goddess.



CLOUD GREY A misty, dreamy shade...playing up all the lovely tones of your own coloring.

They're Combspun

CANNON TOWELS STOCKINGS, BLANKETS
CANNON MILLS, INC., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.







STATUE OF ROMULUS AND REMUS SYMBOLIZES ROME'S BIRTH

ROME

IT WORKS ITS ANCIENT MAGIC ON ALL ITS MODERN VISITORS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY RALPH CRANE

In 1869 Poet Robert Browning wrote, "Every one soon or late comes round by Rome." This summer, 80 years later, thousands of Americans are giving new proof of the durability of Browning's observation. Rome has become the permanent home of many U.S. expatriates, and its hotels are crowded by tourists from overseas. The attractions are unmatched anywhere; the climate is pleasant, even in midsummer; food is in ample supply and prices are reasonable; a smart new international set, half-Roman and half-foreign, has sprung up along the Via Veneto, and, finally, Rome is the city of great landmarks, unmarred by

the war and mellowed by age, which give every traveler an intimate sense of connection with human history.

It is probably the combination of beauty and stability that has made Rome irresistible to travelers in the unstable world of 1949. Founded in the Eighth Century B.C. by a legendary wolf-suckled king named Romulus, it is in truth the Eternal City—unhurried, unchanged by the fall of a Caesar or the shrill piping of a Togliatti or even its discovery by Hollywood. On these pages *LIFE* documents the attractions of a city which might still inspire Byron to cry, "Oh Rome, my country! city of the soul!"



THE COLOSSEUM at night is one of Rome's superb spectacles. A bright moon silhouettes the columnar ruins of the Temple of Venus and Rome (right) while floodlights illumine the wall of the Colosseum.

AT ST. PETER'S a fountain's fine spray obscures famous dome of the church which is the greatest shrine and monument of Roman Catholicism. Two young priests pause by the fountain to exchange greetings.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



APPIAN WAY leads south from Rome past grazing sheep and ancient tombs. It is a favorite haunt of tourists, picnickers and lovers.

Built as a military highway in 312 B.C. by the Censor Appius Claudius Caecus, the Via Appia is now a good but narrow modern road



FELICE AQUEDUCT, which carried *acqua felice* (happy water) to Rome in medieval times, has been converted into a group of dwell-

ings by bombed-out families. Settling in the great arches, they add front and back walls to form cozy rooms and plant flowers outside.



UNDER THE ANCIENT ARCHES of Via Santi Giovanni e Paolo, two red-robed students from the German-Hungarian College of Gregorian University ex-

plore the byways of the Caelian Hill while a modern artist, Luigi Montanarini, works at a canvas. Among Gregorian students red robes always denote Germans.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ROMAN SPORTS, once dominated by gladiators, now include modern games enjoyed even by men of the Church. Here brown-robed Franciscans oppose the

blue-robed monks of Immaculate Conception Convent in basketball. Most of the young monks, notably sports-minded, specialize in basketball and soccer.



IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE a vast crowd gathers to hear Pope Pius XII warn of dangers in communism. Tall shaft in center of crowd is great obelisk, brought

from Egypt by Emperor Caligula in First Century. His Holiness spoke from balcony of St. Peter's Church in Vatican City. In background are Bernini colonnades.

THE VATICAN DRAWS MANY PILGRIMS

Rome is the Church and the Church is Rome. That is an overstatement of the truth that Rome would not be what it is without the Vatican, and that the Vatican would not be all that it is if it were not within Rome. The three million pilgrims who are expected this year and next will sense, as do all who know the holy city, the profound identity of Rome with the Church and of the Church with Rome. Where else but to Rome would Roman Catholic pilgrims go to celebrate the fact that 1950 is a Holy Year, of a kind that falls once in every quarter century? Qualifying for special indulgence, the pilgrims must visit four of the places that make this identity tangible—the basilicas of St. Peter's, St. Paul's Without the Walls, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major. All about them will be Rome's 457 churches, and they are especially urged to visit 125 of the holiest. And that is not all: the pilgrims are also beckoned to the seats of the many religious orders where young men (*opposite*) train themselves for the work of the Church.

Visitors to Rome will never be very far from the pervading personality and presence of the Pope. He is, as everyone knows, the supreme ruler and infallible spiritual guide of more than 300 million Catholics of the Universal Church. He is also, as not so many know, the special guide and spiritual ruler of Rome itself—he is Bishop of Rome. As pontiff he is in Rome but not of it: he lives and usually stays within the tiny, invio-

late area of the Vatican which is the capital of the Church on earth and is a state unto itself. But as Bishop of Rome he makes the city his province, and often concerns himself with its day-to-day affairs both temporal and spiritual.

The Pope's universal and immediate concerns were united dramatically in 1948, when Italy's Communists made their bid for power. Speaking to 350,000 Romans (*above*), His Holiness called for rejection of the "deniers of that which is most sacred in this religion." At the election three weeks

later the Christian Democrats were continued triumphantly in the offices they still hold.

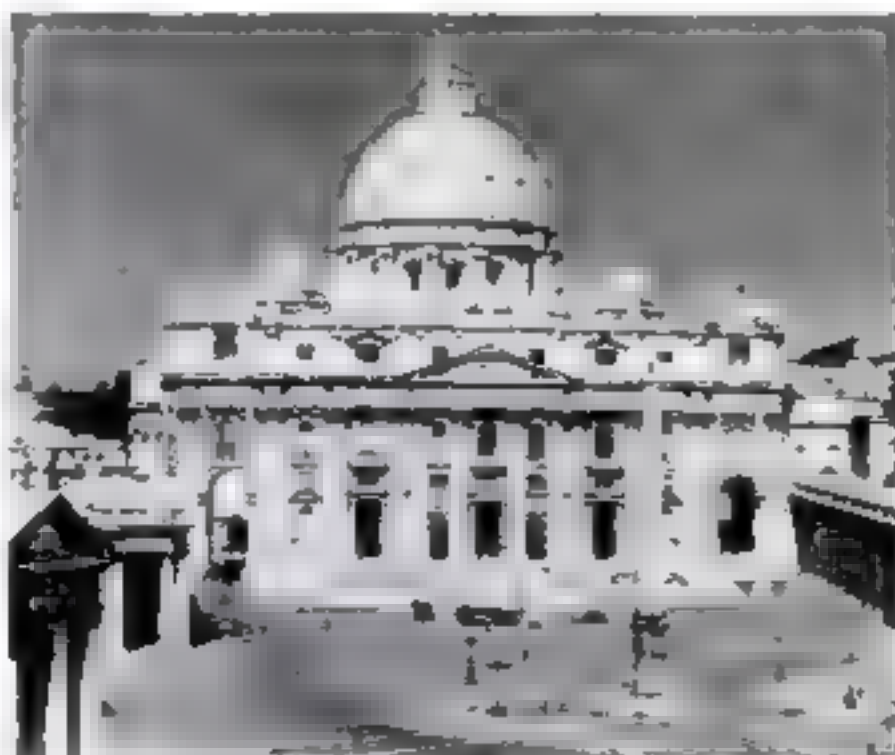
In the days since the Italian victory, the Vatican has carried on its worldwide battle against communism. Only last week in a decree which was approved by Pope Pius, the Church asked itself some grave questions and gave the answers for Catholics everywhere:

Q. Is it "lawful to enlist in or show favor to the Communist party?" A. No.

Q. Is it "lawful to publish, read or disseminate books . . . in support of Communist doctrine?" A. No.

Q. Can Catholics who "knowingly and freely" do these things be admitted to the sacraments? A. No.

Q. Are Roman Catholics who become Communists subject to the gravest form of excommunication applied by the Holy See? A. Yes.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH was started in 15th Century. Famous dome was designed by Michelangelo.



A MIDDLE-ROAD SCULPTOR, *Pericle Fazzini*, works on experimental nude in *Via Margutta* studio.

In foreground at right is one of academic religious statues which he makes in quantity to earn money.

ART COLONY ENJOYS FUN AND FRENZY



NOVELIST Carlo Levi, famous author of *Crist Stoppa Let Fiume*, finds a vivid expression in art.



AT POPULAR HANGOUT for artists, Communist Sculptor Pietro Consagra sings an anti-U.S. song. However Consagra refuses to obey party edicts on art.



OBEDIENT ARTIST Renato Guttuso is feted by his sponsor, Countess Bezzola. He is only prominent Red artist who changed style to meet party's plans.

The liveliest street in Rome is the narrow, studio-lined Via Margutta, where hundreds of Italian artists live and work in a bubbling frenzy of esthetic creation and argument. All last year a battle raged between the abstractionists, many of whom belonged to the Communist party, and the realists. In the winter Communist Boss Togliatti exploded a bombshell in the Via Margutta by denouncing abstractionism as full of "rectangular objects with wooden thighs and faces like rotten cantaloupes." Togliatti called upon Communist artists to paint good socialist pictures which the common man could understand. Most of the abstractionists rejected Togliatti's "guidance" and some quit the party in protest. A few agreed the boss had a point. All of them, as shown in these pictures by Gordon Parks, went on painting, singing, arguing and having a whale of a time.



ARTISTIC CONTROVERSY rages happily and constantly. Here a disgusted modernist sneers at a traditional bust by fashionable Sculptor Peikov (center)



PEIKOV AND HIS PATRONESS, the Marchesa Santangelo, go off to a party astride Peikov's motorcycle. The ermine-bedecked marchesa is famous in Roman

society as an amateur fortuneteller and a pipe smoker. Peikov, though a realistic sculptor, is noted as a surrealist cook who colors his rice a different shade every day.



ROME CONTINUED

NOBLEST ROMANS OF THEM ALL

The blond baby on the opposite page, a wide-eyed jewel in a setting of unparalleled opulence, is the princely heir to the fortune and titles of the great Roman house of Colonna. As such, little Marcantonio Colonna is the most aristocratic yearling in Italy. His father, Prince Colonna, has more than two dozen titles and lives in the most magnificent privately owned and occupied palace in the world.

The Colonna dynasty dates from the 11th Century. Since then it has contributed a score of cardinals to history in addition to Pope Martin V. Like most great houses, its wealth and position were achieved by military prowess and acquisition of land. The Colonna titles, being papal, reflect service to the Church.

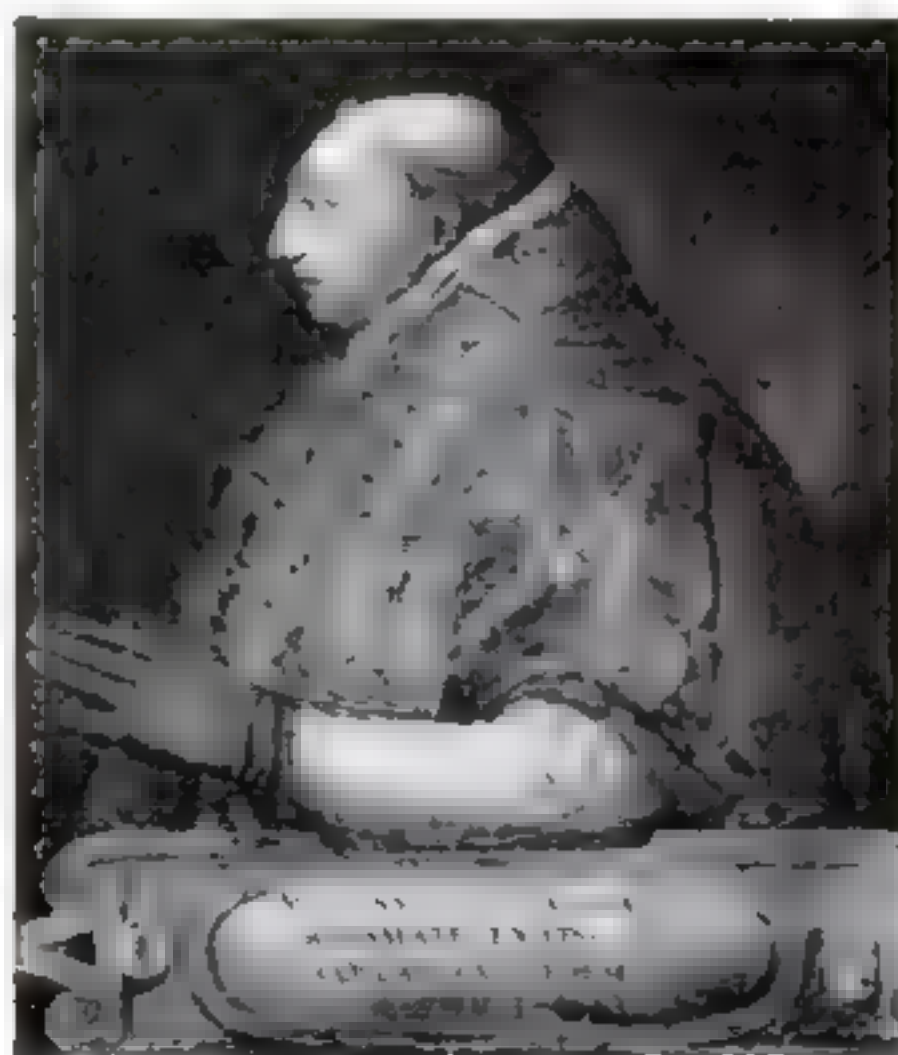
Unlike most of the Italian nobility, the Colonna enjoy a good reputation among the Italian people. They and a few other great families live quietly, avoid the cafes, do good works and take an interest in Church and state. The Italian aristocracy as a whole has a bad reputation. It does not use its wealth and power for the public good. Enriched by feudal landholdings, too many aristocrats lead gay lives, frolic with movie stars and are at best innocuous. The modern Popes, earnest Christians all, have tried to impress such titled Romans with their duties to Church and nation. Pope Pius XI, it is said, was impatient and severe with them; the present pontiff tries to coax them into better behavior.

IN A PALACE SALON, one of 300 or more eye-filling rooms of the Palazzo Colonna, the Prince of St. Elia, Prince Milagros Colonna (standing, second from right) entertains a group of noble friends. They are (l. to r.)

Orietta Gelardin-Spinola; Countess Giulianella Senni; Countess Consuelo Crespi, the former Consuelo O'Connor of New York society; Mia Acquarone; the princess, and the Duchess Minervina Riario-Sforza.



A POPE WAS ATTACKED by Colonna in 1303 after he had excommunicated family. Here Sciarra Colonna threatens Pope Boniface VIII after seizing him. The fight ended a month later when Pope died.



A POPE WAS CROWNED from Colonna family in the year 1417, when Otto became Pope Martin V. He restored papacy to old glory after Council of Constance healed great schism in the Catholic Church.



A FRENCH CANNON BALL fell inside Palazzo Colonna when the French attacked the Mazzini Republic in 1849. The Colonna did not remove the ball, which is visible at far end of gallery on opposite page.



A PRINCE IN HIS PALACE, 14-month-old Marcantonio Colonna, sits on a cushion in the art gallery of the Palazzo Colonna. Ceiling frescoes record victory

of a famous ancestor, Marcantonio Colonna the Triumpher, over the Turks in 1571. Pope Martin V, a Colonna, started building palace in early 15th Century.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ROME CONTINUED



A BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT, adorned by a 16th Century tempera of the Piazza Colonna, helps Silvio Medici entertain Princess Domitila Raspoli (left) and Orietta Celardin-Spinola. Their gowns are typical of 1919 elegance in Rome.



A FANCY AUTOMOBILE like this custom built Fiat is distinguishing mark of Roman care society. The owner, Ugo Berti, a travel agency operator, is seen here sipping coffee with an American, Laura Hold. Such cars cost \$1,000 to \$6,000.





A MAGNIFICENT VILLA, situated on top of Monte Mario and overlooking the city and St. Peter's Dome, provides a luxurious setting for after-luncheon coffee. The host and owner, Count Luigi Miani, at left, is a wealthy aristocrat and oil

industrialist who dabbles successfully in horse racing on the side. The others (reading clockwise) are Marchesa Serlupi, the hostess, Countess Miani, Baroness and Baron de Grenet, and Marchese Serlupi, all members of a still flourishing nobility.



THE MOST FASHIONABLE CAFE in Rome is the Doney on the Via Veneto. Every day Americans and many Romans gather at the sidewalk tables to see and

be seen, make business deals, drink coffee and eat ice cream. Doney is particularly popular with U.S. actors and actresses of Rome's flourishing new movie colony.

UNDER FREEDOM, ROME LIVES AGAIN

Before the war Rome was as beautiful and as fascinating as it is today. But a sense of police oppression and Fascist blatancy muddled the city's charm. Now, after two decades of Mussolini dictatorship and the destruction and misery that trailed German and Allied armies, the Italians are free again—and they react like puppies gamboling in the morning sun. The result is a gay and stimulating atmosphere for the crowds of American visitors.

In helping liberate Italy from Fascism the U.S. won a substantial bloc of Italian friends. This friendship was consolidated at the elections in April 1948, when the Italian people—encouraged by U.S. political support and the prospect of Marshall Plan aid—rejected the new totalitarian threat of communism. Since then Italy has been on the upgrade and Italians, from Premier De Gasperi down (and excepting only the Communists) have welcomed American travelers. Unlike some Europeans, they show little inclination to exploit the unwary tourist.

There are other great cities in Italy, and all of them share the new sense of free and responsible nationhood. Milan, representative of the industrial north, boasts that its area supplies most of the wealth and progressive activity of the nation. Naples, to the south, has its own special Mediterranean flavor. But Rome, at the center, is the beating heart of a living nation. As the seat of a government that not only is increasingly successful but is determinedly democratic, it has become the capital of all Italy in fact as well



A FLOWER GIRL, Iole Scarpini, whose mother was widowed by war, wistfully offers bouquet for sale.

as in name. The democracy of Italy is inspired by Christian morality as symbolized in the name of the majority national party—Christian Democratic. Thus Rome, as the capital of the greatest religious organization in the world, expresses the hope that lies in Christian democratic principles.

This new sense of significance has not, in itself, drawn so many Americans along the roads that lead to Rome. Its greatest attraction may be that Rome, more than any other European city, has something for everybody. In art it may not be the equal of Paris; its opera (*below*) does not compare with Milan's great La Scala; its intellectual life is romantic rather than austere; but Rome has enough of all of these things to keep almost anyone satisfied, and it presents them in a setting of ancient and medieval splendor unique in the entire world.

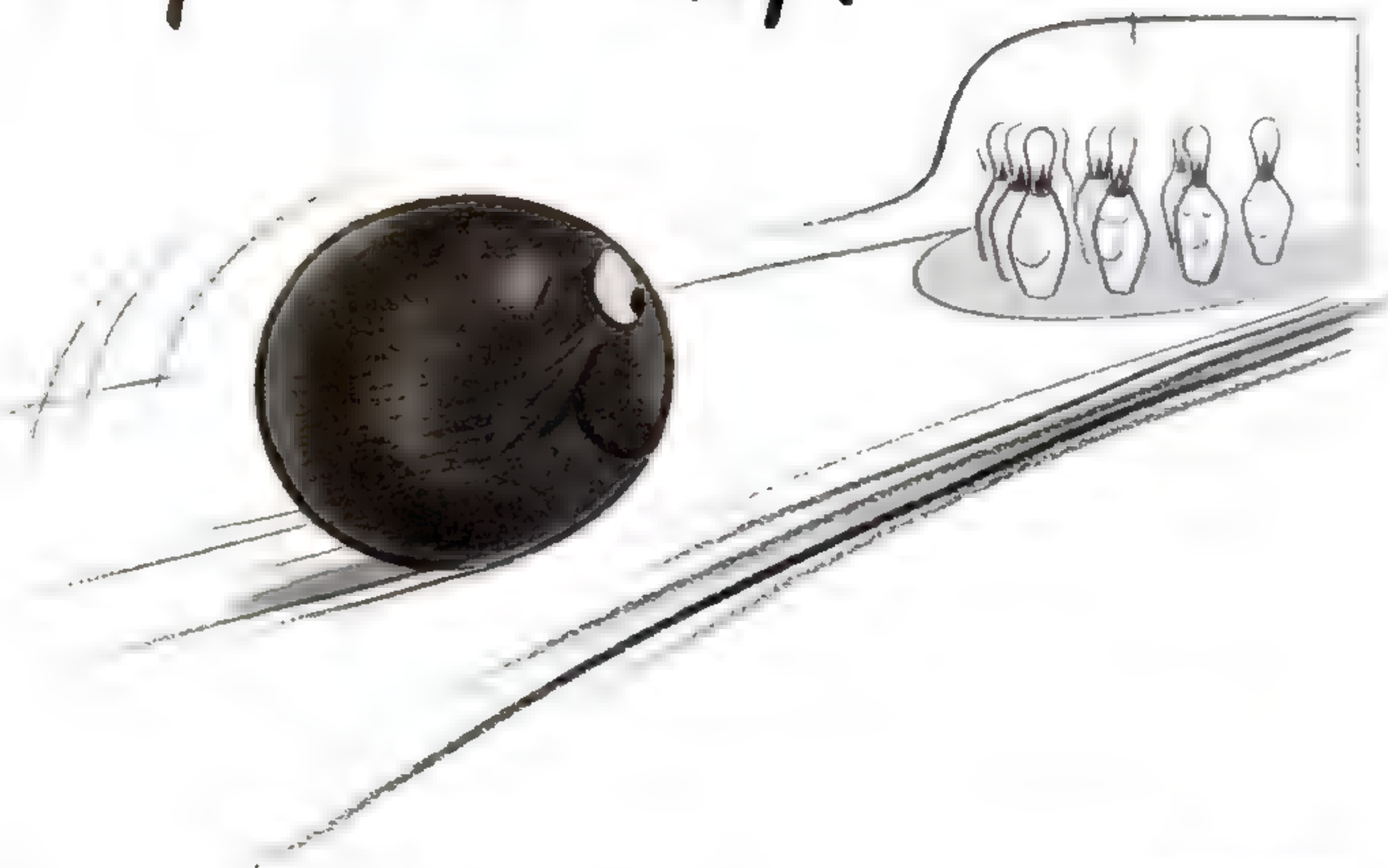
And Rome has something else: the *Romani*. These are the city's tolerant, volatile, endlessly cheerful and always appealing people. The cosmopolitan *Romani* like all of the good things of life, and they are happy to share them with their friends. An American traveler is as welcome in the humblest *trattoria* as on the fashionable terrace of the Doney restaurant (*opposite*). Romans live lustily, busily and enthusiastically in the present, reassured by 2,703 years of indestructibility. For harassed Americans the feeling is infectious. For Rome seems to say that life is to be led as joyfully as possible in the present and yet with an eye to ages past and to eternity.



THE OUTDOOR OPERA, in ancient Baths of Caracalla, is Rome's greatest summer musical attraction. On the huge stage, framed by awesome ruins and

moonlit cypresses, as many as 500 persons participate in operatic spectacles. In July and August four operas are presented each week to crowds of 5,000 to 10,000.

Value-wise buying is right up Plymouth's alley!



You've got the car that likes to be compared!

Conditions are changing in the automobile business. No one could possibly welcome this change any more than a *Plymouth* salesman. You have a car made to order for the value-wise buyer.

This new Plymouth of yours was built to compete. That's why this great new car likes to be compared — feature for feature, dollar for dollar — to other low-priced cars — or even to automobiles costing hundreds of dollars more!

Comparison is a buyer's right. And it's a test that every Plymouth salesman greets with open arms. Comparison in *all things* — wheelbase, horsepower, compression ratio, braking action, engine life, riding comfort, economy of upkeep.

So ask the new car buyers to compare. Ask them to drive all three of the leading low-priced cars. When they do this, you can await the buyers' decision with confidence — and pride.



NEW PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



Chrome wheel covers and rear fender scuff guards optional at extra cost



GLOVELESS HAND shows how three fingers used in gripping are controlled by tube through the arm muscle.



PENCIL IS GRIPPED securely enough in artificial hand of R. C. Davis for precision work on drafting table.



CONE IS HELD with delicate touch. Most other artificial hands would completely crush such a fragile object.



NEW ARTIFICIAL HAND (LEFT) RESEMBLES A REAL HAND (RIGHT) IN COLOR, TEXTURE AND FLEXIBILITY

BEST ARTIFICIAL HAND YET

It looks like one of flesh and blood and is almost twice as strong

A new artificial hand almost twice as strong as a flesh-and-blood one has been developed for amputees at an Army research laboratory at Forest Glen, Md. Powered by the arm muscles, the hand is controlled by a tube inserted through a tunnel cut in the arm of the wearer. When the muscles are flexed the tube pulls on the controls and causes the fingers to contract. A series of levers steps up the tension, enabling the wearer to maintain a grip of about 43 pounds pressure for an indefinite period. No human hand can match this, for even a very

strong man can exert a pressure of only about 30 pounds and maintain it for only a few seconds.

The new artificial hand is also the most comfortable and the most realistic yet produced. Its weight has been reduced to only 11 ounces by the use of hollow steel fingers instead of solid iron and rubber ones. The lifelike effect is achieved with a plastic glove which fits snugly over the hand and its complicated mechanism. Dyed to skin color, the glove has veins, palm lines, fingerprint whorls, back-of-the-hand hairs and even freckles and tiny scars.



CAN IS SQUASHED with the finger tips, a feat that would be impossible for a person of normal strength.



ARROW IS AIMED by Davis to show facility of his finger grip. Strength of hand makes arching of bow easy.

Visible Slips



NAVY BATISTE SLIP (COLLEEN, \$3.95) ALSO MAKES A SUN DRESS

**Worn under transparent dresses,
they look like dresses themselves**

This summer, contrary to time-worn tradition, many U.S. girls are not happy unless their slips are showing. A major fashion development of the year is the ultra-transparent dress (*right*) of organdy, dotted swiss or silk chiffon which reveals a necessarily opaque slip beneath. Thus brought into the open, the newest slips are being made almost like dresses, with great attention to detail and careful fitting at the top. Many come with full skirts, be-ribboned and be-laced, sometimes with straps and sometimes without. These new slips may yet have a double life like 1938's nightgowns, which often turned up as evening dresses. They can be worn as sun or afternoon dresses with the effect shown above and on opposite page.



SLIP WITH POCKET (*top picture*) is fully visible beneath organdy dress (*bottom picture*). Slip and dress were designed by Jenny Belle, who wears them here.



STRAPLESS VISIBLE SLIP made by Eye-ful Lingerie Co. is kept in place by pink ribbon which is run through the eyelets in its top, and has an elaborate

white eyelet trim around the skirt. Made of pink pima cotton (balloon cloth), it is wearable for afternoons. Also available in other pastel shades, it costs \$10.95.



BACKSTAGE CLUTTER includes Johnson and Olsen, secondhand trunks and a surrealistic nightmare of props

like stuffed ducks, a bull fiddle that houses a midget and a flying cow without which the comics would be helpless.



ROWDY ACT is put on by male dancer who hoists partner to his shoulders and winds up number by flying blind.



MOTH-EATEN CUPID is one of an army of stooges who torment studio audiences. He shoots padded arrows.



OLSEN AND JOHNSON DRESS UP FOR COURTROOM SKIT

TV DOG DAYS

Promised fresh ideas and talent, audiences get Olsen and Johnson

For the summer at least, television's honeymoon was over. As the big shows went off the air last spring, producers promised to take advantage of the summer slump by experimenting with new TV formats and developing fresh talent. What they produced, however, was an even bigger spate of winter fill-ins like ancient movies, grunting wrestlers, bad tap dancers and itinerant animal acts. In this poor situation about the best thing audiences got was Olsen and Johnson. The comics are booked for 39 weekly shows, seven of them as summer replacements for Milton Berle (NBC-TV, Tues. 8 p.m. E.S.T.).

The slapstick formula, brought to flower in *Hee Haw* (1938), has not been altered by one prat fall for TV. Audiences are still tormented by having ice cakes dumped in their laps. The indiscriminate use of firearms moved one critic to complain that "not since the hot war stopped have so many shots been fired in public." After five weeks of such relentless corn the question was: Which would be exhausted first, the viewers or the gags and gun powder?



TYPICAL GAG has Olsen asking a pretty, fruit-laden girl where she is going. Her obvious answer, Orange, N.J.



BARBERSHOP BEDLAM reaches primitive climax when a nattily dressed customer enters shop. "What ll you have?" Head Barber Johnson asks solicitously. "Everything"

customer replies. Whereupon Johnson dumps a bucket of liquid soap over his head as victim calmly puff's his cigaret. Television show employs 50 such long-suffering stooges.

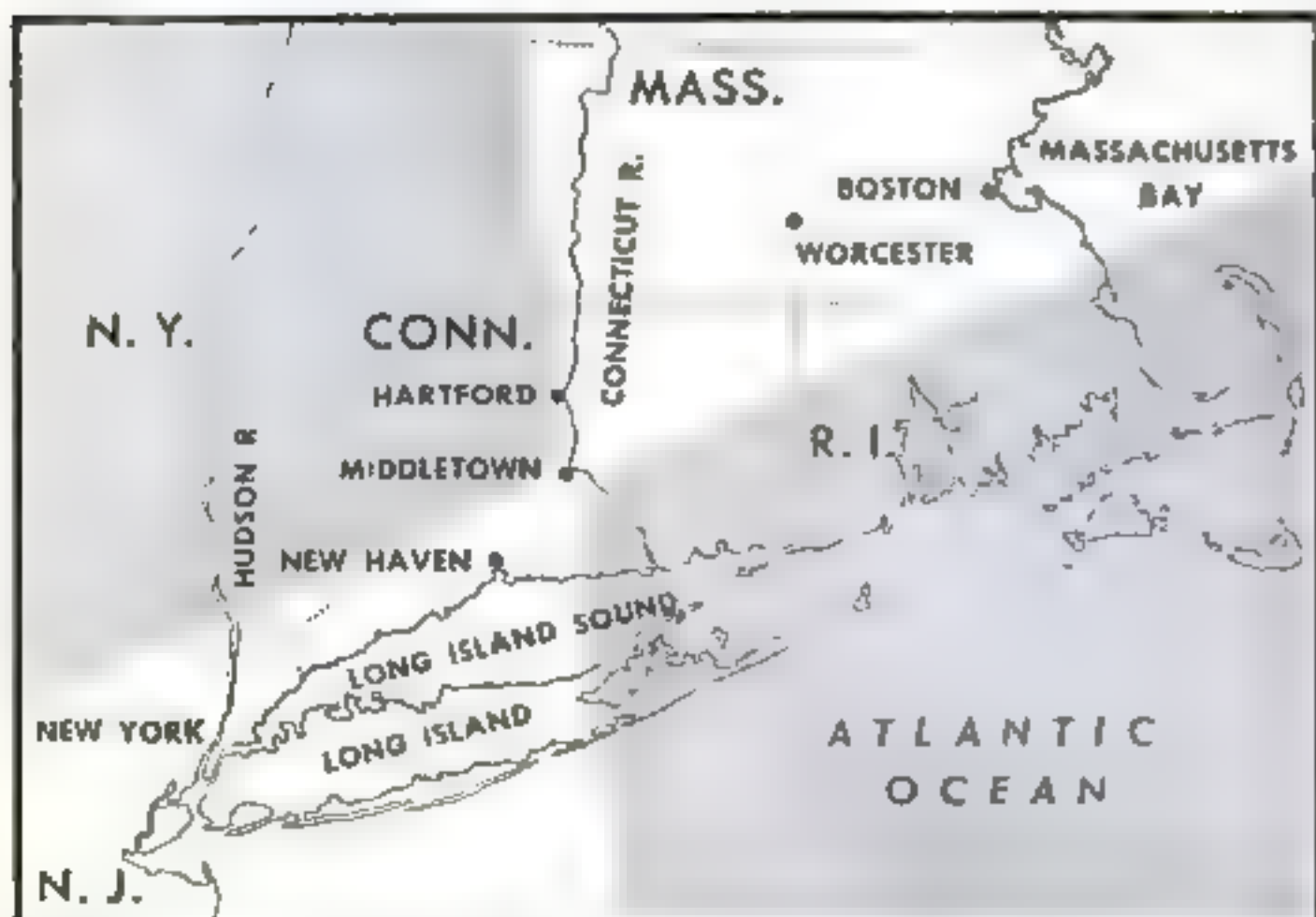


ASTRIDE CAMERA, MECHANIC ADJUSTS IT BEFORE FLIGHT

HORIZON TO HORIZON

Pendulum camera takes sharp aerial photographs which cover a 450-mile span of earth's surface

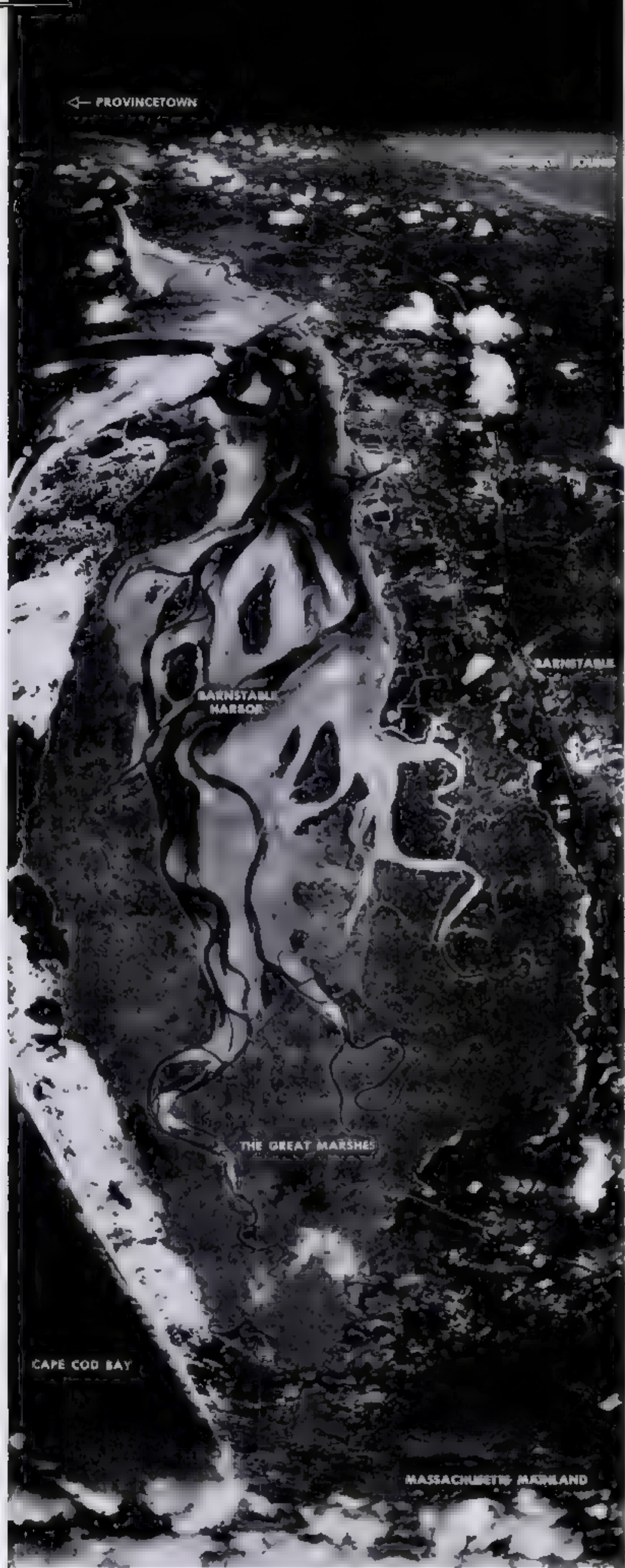
A new aerial camera which swings in an arc from horizon to horizon has produced the unique pictures at the right, probably the clearest single photographs ever made of such vast areas. At an altitude of 30,000 feet the camera takes in a span of over 450 miles, or twice the distance between Boston and New York. At 10,000 feet, the height at which the New York picture was made, it has a 260-mile sweep and shows individual houses and trees in detail. Developed by Boston University and the Air Force, the camera operates on a new principle: as it makes a two-second swing, its 18-inch-long film is exposed by being rolled past a slit behind the lens. What appears to be distortion in the pictures is a change in scale as the camera moves out toward the horizon. This would be a drawback in military mapping. But the photographs are so distinct that they may be very useful in searching for wrecked planes not clearly visible to the naked eye. And developers of the camera think that the problem of diminishing scale may be solved by bending the negatives when the pictures are printed.



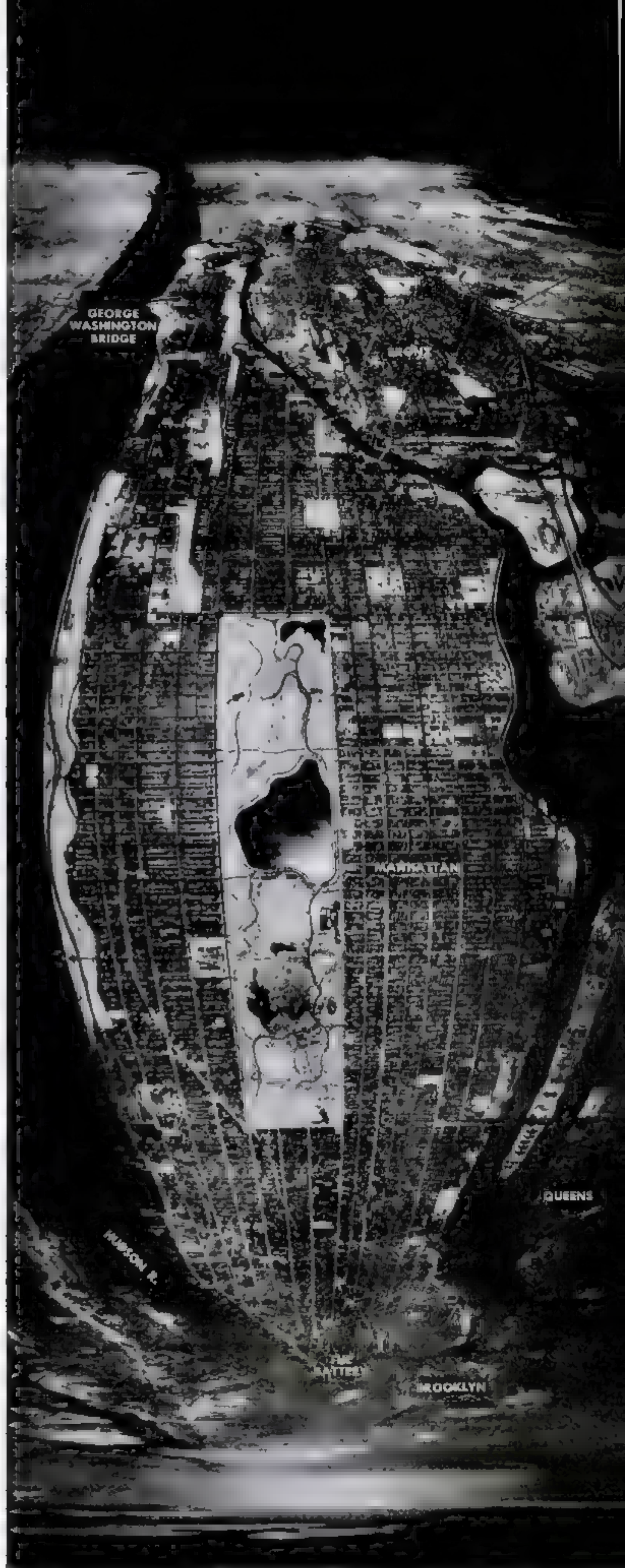
AREA COVERED in one sweep of the camera is shown by the unshaded hour-glass pattern on map above. Actual picture of encompassed area is at right. Scope of camera widens as it swings toward horizon but landmarks and topographical features tend to bunch together at these extremes and become less recognizable.



OVER CONNECTICUT at altitude of 30,000 feet camera takes in both Boston and New York in a single photograph. Long Island, which is 15 miles across, appears only in narrow profile because of the distance factor. But the suspension bridge over the Connecticut River at Middletown and the crisscrossing runways of two airports at Hartford are clearly visible



OVER CAPE COD the waters of Barnstable Harbor form a great splash down the 75-mile-long peninsula. Most of harbor water is shallow and varying depth is shown on the film in gradations of tone. Inner end of harbor merges with the Great Marshes. The diagonal line near the bottom right of picture is a fire lane which runs through the Cape's brushy woodlands.



OVER MANHATTAN at altitude of 10 000 feet the camera delineates Greater New York area from Sandy Hook, N.J. on south to Long Island Sound on the north. A conventional camera at the same altitude would take in only about half of Central Park, which is seen as a big rectangle in the middle of the photograph.

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK

Baseball's biggest hero, his bad heel cured, tells how it feels to sit on the sidelines,

During the week of June 26 a \$100,000-a-year baseball player named Joe DiMaggio—a shy and retiring young man who up to then had been noted chiefly for his easy grace in the outfield and his mechanical proficiency at punching out base hits—suddenly became a national hero. After being out for nearly half the season with a bad heel that threatened at times to end his career, he got back into uniform and—in perfect fairy-tale fashion—began breaking up game after game by hitting the ball out of the park.

It was one of the most heart-warming comebacks in all sports history, and from one end of the country to the other it became the summer's prime topic of conversation, even among people who never saw a game in their lives. DiMaggio had always been a great player, and now he took his place in that select circle of athletes, like Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey, who are not only admired but also beloved.

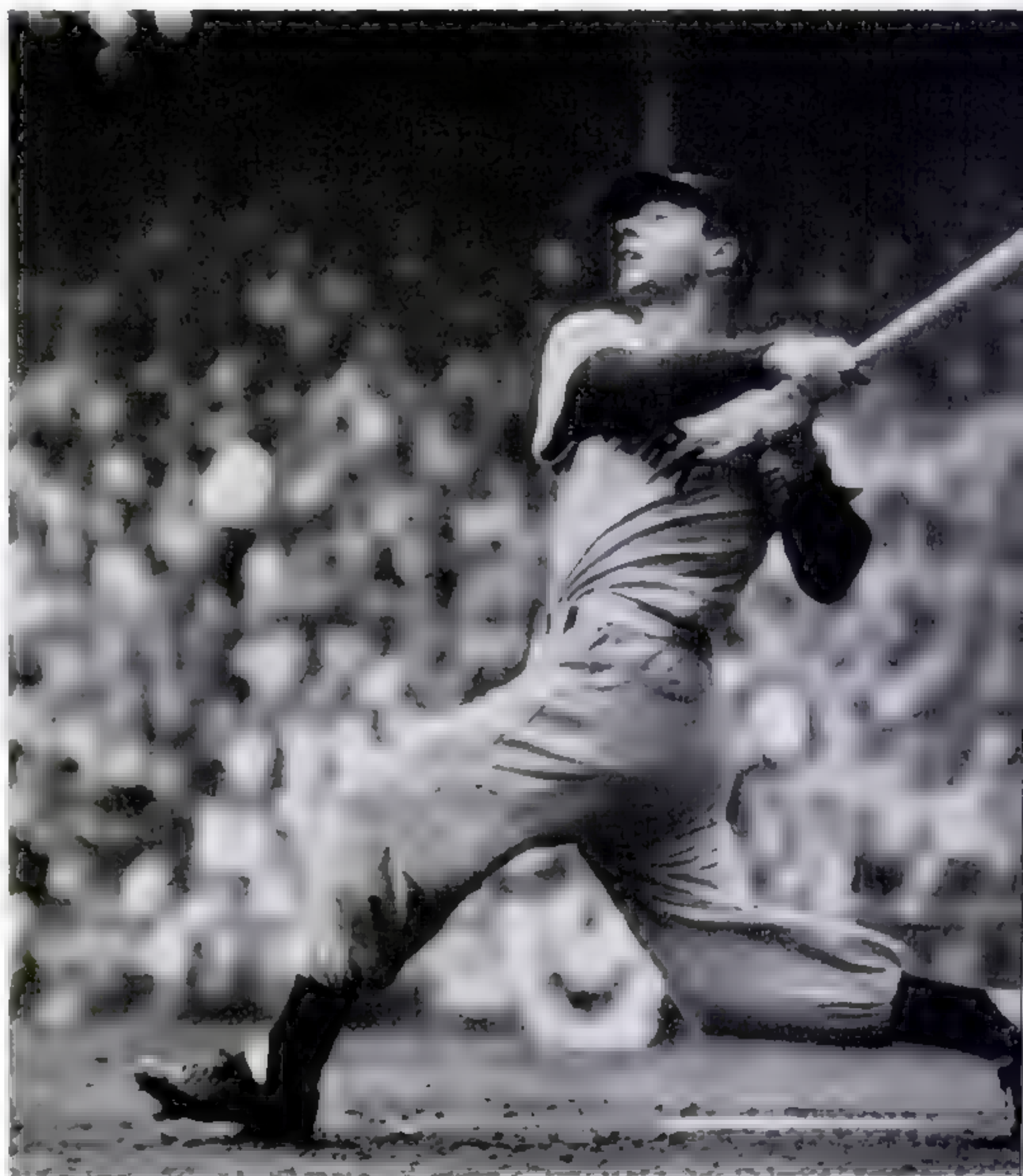
This is his own story of the dark days of spring, the first glimmerings of hope and those fine bright midsummer afternoons when the ball started sailing over the fences and the fans went crazy.

EVERY athlete has to face it. Sooner or later, as you get up in the 30s, your legs are going to go back on you—and then you're through and there's nothing anybody can do about it. But when it's just a heel, something that you never thought about in your life, then it's hard to take.

That right heel started hurting in the second week of the 1948 season. At first I thought it was just a bruise. Then it got worse. X-rays showed a little spur of bone, not more than an eighth of an inch long, growing down out of the heel bone.

There's nothing unusual about heel spurs; a lot of people have them. Especially people who are on their feet most of the time—mailmen, doormen, policemen. Usually they're no trouble at all. A bone spur won't hurt you much if you don't bother it; you can just put a pad around it and forget it. I've run into people who said they had spurs an inch long and never had any special pain. But for a man whose whole career is tied up in running—and a lot of sudden starts and stops in the outfield or on the bases—it's different.

All through the 1948 season it bothered me. The doctors tried X-ray treatments and every kind of padding ever invented. Yet it got worse all the time. It got so that after every game I had to walk to the shower room on tiptoes, holding onto the walls and sort of lifting myself along. This strained the leg muscles; my knees began to swell like balloons and finally I got a Charley horse in the left thigh. But we had a chance to win the pennant and I kept playing. I played on



IN THE ALL-STAR GAME OF JULY 12 DIMAGGIO BLINKS AS HE SWISHES A DOUBLE WITH HIS LONG, POWERFUL

days when running around the bases was like biting pennies with a toothache. Probably I was foolish, but I wanted to get into the World Series and so did the rest of the Yankees.

On the last day of the season we were in Boston. I was feeling terrible that day but I was lucky with the bat and got four hits. After the last one, in the ninth inning, Manager Bucky Harris figured he might as well let me end the season right then, without giving the heel any further beating. The game was lost anyway—we were five runs behind—and I was barely able to walk. He sent in a pinch runner for me and I limped out of the park. I don't know why the crowd clapped for me because we had tried our best to keep Boston from winning the pennant even if we couldn't win it ourselves—but they did. As I went toward the clubhouse, aching at every step,

I could still hear them cheering. It was the biggest thrill I ever had in baseball. No homer I hit ever made me feel so good inside.

In November they operated on the heel at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. I remember the day I got out of the hospital—Nov. 24—because the next day was Thanksgiving and also my 34th birthday, and I wanted to be in New York to celebrate with my son, Joe Jr. I did the celebrating on crutches. In fact I stayed on the crutches and in my hotel room for six weeks, because the doctors advised plenty of rest. Then I tried walking and everything seemed all right. The heel didn't even give me a twinge. But in February I could feel the pain starting to come back. By that time spring training was only two weeks away and it was too late to do anything about it.

The training season was a nightmare. I spent

by Joe DiMaggio

worry that your \$100,000-a-year career is over—and then start hitting homers again



SWING. HE ALSO GOT A SINGLE, DROVE IN THREE RUNS FOR THE DAY'S OUTSTANDING ONE-MAN PERFORMANCE

more time with the doctors than on the field. The heel hurt at every step, and I couldn't dig in at the plate; I played 43 innings and never hit a ball that even looked like a home run. My batting average was a pitiful thing to look at. In the field I felt awkward because the leg muscles couldn't work into shape the way I was favoring them.

It was Dallas or never

FINALLY, early in April, we got to Dallas. It had been raining a lot and the ground was soft; I thought, "If I'm ever going to snap out of it, this is the place." I played two innings and it was worse than ever. I asked Manager Casey Stengel to take me out; it was just no use. Next day I flew to Baltimore for treatments with salt injections and X-rays.

That's where I had my famous run-in with the newspaper people. I've regretted that quarrel ever since, but under the circumstances I don't see how I could have avoided it. In the first place it was a terrible day to fly. There was a storm all over the South; we were traveling through rain and fog banks, and everybody in the plane got airsick including me. The plane was getting later all the time, and it was a cinch I couldn't get to the hospital until the middle of the night, if at all.

At every stop the local newspapermen and photographers looked me up. I had seen myself in the washroom mirror and I knew how I looked. My face was white, my eyes were hollow, and I even needed a haircut. Besides there weren't many questions the reporters could ask, so the questions were always the same. How was my heel? (What could I say, except that it hurt?)

What were the chances of recovery? (The doctors wouldn't even tell *me*.) And then someone would always ask the big question: Did I plan to quit baseball?

It was a sensible question, and I don't blame them for asking. But I hated it. I was worrying almost every waking hour about the same thing. Was I going to have to quit the game I love? Was I through before my time? I like the game, and to be perfectly honest I like the salary. I never expected to make that kind of money when I was a boy selling newspapers in San Francisco. I never expected to have the friends that baseball has made for me, or to live in a hotel suite in New York or to be able to take care of my folks the way I could. I didn't want to give it up, not any of it. Nobody would. After the first dozen times I heard that question—was I going to quit?—I began to think that it was like asking a man with a bad heart, "When do you expect to die?"

In the hospital everything went all right until they were wheeling me up to the operating room. I was on a table with my arms and legs strapped down, barely able to move my head. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a man in street clothes walking toward me down the hall. There was a pop of light from a flashbulb. The man had taken my picture—while I was helpless, strapped down and full of worries. I looked at him and saw that he was a photographer I knew. I said, "Look,———, I've always played ball with you. Why did you have to do that right now? What are my folks going to think if they see a picture of me like this?"

Do not disturb

I SUPPOSE my voice was trembling. He just looked at me, and I said, "Come up to my room afterward. You can take all the pictures you want." He said, "All right. I'll tear up that negative."

He was in the room later and took more pictures. Now that I'm in a better frame of mind, I can understand him. At the time I was just plain mad.

On the door of my hospital room there was a big sign: DO NOT DISTURB. A lot of people paid no attention to it. I was supposed to rest, but sometimes my room looked like a bargain sale. I could hear people arguing with the nurse at the door—they wanted an autograph, or they knew a sure cure for my heel. Once I woke up from a nap and saw a man and woman staring at me; when I opened my eyes they walked out without saying a word. I began to feel like a freak. I thought, "Why can't a man have a little peace?"

When the doctors told me I could leave the hospital I tried to keep the time a secret, so I could get away without anybody seeing me. I walked downstairs on my crutches thinking, "Now I can finally get away by myself. This is going to be wonderful." A funny thing about that. When a man is hitting right, when he's meeting the pitches and catching those flies in the center field, he enjoys living in baseball's goldfish bowl. All ballplayers are the same that way. Autograph seekers are a form of flattery, and even the crabbiest men take a secret pleasure in it. But when



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IN MINORS DiMaggio played up to 1935 with his home-town San Francisco Seals. He was called up by Yankees at 21.



IN NEW YORK he immediately broke into cafe society, was named one of nation's 10 best-dressed men.

JOE DIMAGGIO CONTINUED

you're sick and worried, you have to be alone. When I hobbled away from my hospital room, the thought of being alone was the biggest thing in my mind.

Downstairs there were nine photographers. One of them started to ask me a question and I blew my top. "Who the hell are you?" I said. He told me, and then he said, "Mr. DiMaggio, I'm sorry. But you're a public figure and this is just part of it." After a little bit I calmed down and tried to answer the questions. I didn't know any more than the newspapermen—the doctors themselves didn't know whether the treatment was a success and I still hadn't tested the heel by touching it to the floor. But I did try to tell everything I knew.

The stories next day didn't mention my answers; they only said that I had pushed the newspapermen around. This was the first time I ever had a "bad press" and I should have taken it in stride. But at the time I was in no mood to think about the brighter side of things. I think I told the newspapermen that day—I can't quite remember because I was so angry—"I'm getting to be a mental case and you men are doing it."

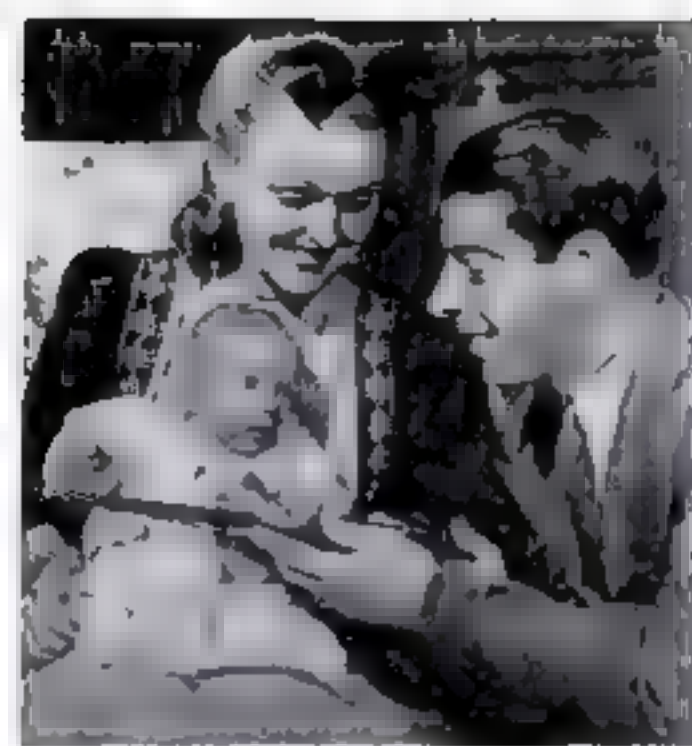
Back at the hotel in New York I really was almost a mental case. The only two people I could stand to see regularly were my closest friends—Toots Shor, the restaurant man, and George Solotaire, the ticket broker. I tried to avoid everybody else and had all my other phone calls cut off. Most of the time I was alone in my hotel room, trying to read or watching the ball games on television. I thought I could keep my batting eye by television, but it didn't work. Television may be fine for spectators who can't get out to the game, but it's no good for a ballplayer. The perspective is wrong. I couldn't tell what the pitchers were throwing; sometimes I couldn't even tell whether the ball was over the plate. I'd see a pitch that looked right in there but the umpire called a ball, and he must have been right because neither the catcher nor pitcher tried to beef.

I thought, I'm losing my eye. And all the while my legs are going back on me; I can't get the right kind of exercise. If my heel ever does get well, I won't be able to play anyway. I won't even have enough wind to run around in the outfield for nine innings.

For two whole months I sat in my hotel room most of the time. At first I tried going out but it didn't work. I'd go to Toots Shor's restaurant, and my friends would come over and sympathize. Or a stranger would sit down at my table and say, "I know a doctor in St. Paul who had a case just like yours. If you'll only give him a chance. . . ." Or someone would come up and tell me that he had a bone spur and would be happy to exchange symptoms. I gave up going out except late at night, when I could try to sneak into a movie after most of the people were off the streets. But even that didn't work. One weekend I took my son to a movie, and we had scarcely sat down before all the people in the row were passing pieces of paper down for autographs. Joe Jr., bless him, came to my rescue; he said, "Why don't you leave my daddy alone?"

Sitting in my room I sometimes thought, "Why try to be an athlete at all?" I've had a lot of trouble—spurs on both heels, bad knees, an operation that left two scars on my throwing arm, a Charley horse that made my left thigh knot up big as a cantaloupe, even stomach ulcers. The ulcers are my own fault. Ever since I've been playing baseball, I've been trying too hard. I always want to get four hits a game; the first time I come up, I'm already worrying about the fourth hit before I've even got one. But the rest of it—the heels, the knees and the arm—just seemed like bad luck. When it piles up like that you begin to wonder.

At night I had trouble going to sleep. If my playing career was



HIS MARRIAGE to Dorothy Arnold, movie starlet, lasted from 1939 to 1944. Son Joe Jr. is now 7.



IN ARMY for 31 months, Joe played baseball in a Special Service unit. Here he disembarks from troopship in Hawaii.

over, what was I going to do? Lying awake in bed at night, sometimes until 4 or 5 in the morning, I figured out at least a half dozen careers. I must have been really upset because right now I can't remember any of the plans. I had it all worked out at the time, and now I've forgotten it.

One day Toots Shor brought me a message from Rogers Hornsby. Hornsby had a heel spur, late in his career, and it played a part in his retiring. He dropped into the restaurant one day and said to Toots, "Tell Joe just to be patient. The only thing that can help one of those things is rest." That was it, all right—but it's hard to be patient while your team is out there playing ball.

In May the Yankees left on their second long trip through the West. I stayed at the hotel, following their progress by radio and the newspapers. The team wouldn't be back until June 14, and by that time the season would be nearly half over. In the meantime I hadn't even had a uniform on. The team was doing fine without me and I was proud of them. But I wanted to be in there too. When a check came from the ball club I would look at it and think, "I've certainly done a swell job of earning this money!"

One morning I stepped out of bed, expecting the pain to shoot through the heel as usual. Nothing happened. I felt the heel with my hand; it was no longer hot. Until then I had always been able to feel a fever in it. Now it was cool. I found myself whistling that morning. For the first time in weeks I went out for lunch and for dinner, and even walking on the sidewalks the heel didn't bother me much. It was good to see some of my friends again at the restaurants, and I enjoyed it when a couple of kids stopped me for autographs.

When the team got back from the West I surprised them by going to the clubhouse and putting on a uniform. By that time my teammates and the newspapermen who travel with the Yankees knew how I felt. They just said hello and let it go at that—no questions. But I could see them looking at me, wondering. I thought, "Keep your fingers crossed for me, fellows!"

The first day I took a little batting practice until my hands blistered because they weren't used to the bat. The next day I batted again, just for a few minutes until the blisters got sore, and spent five minutes going after grounders in the infield. The heel stayed cool, even though it hurt a little, and the next day I was ready to give it the real test. I took full batting practice, spent 15 minutes in the infield and then went to the outfield for five minutes of chasing flies. When I sat down on the bench to watch the game I felt fine.

One vote is enough

SOMETHING happened that day that I think helped me. We were playing Cleveland, and while we were on the field before the game, Lou Boudreau, their manager, came over to talk to me. Lou was going to manage the American League team in the All-Star game July 12, and he must have known how I felt, after never missing an All-Star roster, to be on the sidelines while the fans were voting for their favorites. He didn't look directly at me but he said, "Joe, how do you feel about that game? I'd kind of like to have you, you know." I said, "You know how I feel about it, but I'm not even in the running." Lou said, "I think it could be arranged." I wanted to shake his hand, but that wouldn't have looked very good on the playing field. So I just said, "Thanks. Maybe by that time I'll be in shape to pinch-hit for you, if you need me."

I felt so good that day that I decided to try another experiment. After the game I waited until everybody else had left the park, and then I had Gus Niarhos, one of our young catchers, hit me fungoes

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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IN HOSPITAL BED a worried DiMaggio peers at bandaged heel. This was at Johns Hopkins in April, when he had the "bad press" described in his story.

JOE DIMAGGIO CONTINUED

to center field for a half hour. After that I ran around the field a couple of times. My legs weren't in very good shape and I winded easy, and that night I was dead tired. But when I woke up next day the heel felt fine. I let it down on the floor real easy, expecting trouble, but it was all right.

We had a night exhibition game with the Giants coming up in New York, and then a trip to play the Boston Red Sox. The Red Sox were hot just then; they had won 10 out of their last 11 and looked like the team to beat. We figured to have a tough series against them, and I thought that if I got lucky I might help a little—especially because they've got a nice friendly left-field fence up there, just 315 feet from home plate. I pull my hits to left, and I might be lucky enough to hit a nice long pop fly right out of the park. Of all the places to try, Boston was the best.

So I asked Casey Stengel, our new manager this year, to try me out against the Giants that night. Stengel is a wonderful and understanding fellow; all he said was, "Okay. And when you've got enough, let me know." He started looking at me after the fifth inning that night, and every inning afterward, but I played right through. I was terrible at the bat; the Giants' Kirby Higbe was throwing me knuckle balls, which jump around as they come at you and are a sad thing for a man who hasn't been looking at even ordinary pitching, and the best I could do was four pop flies to the infield. But otherwise everything went fine. After the game I said, "The foot held up pretty good. I might be ready for you in Boston." Stengel said, "You're the boss."

On the day the team left for Boston, on a morning train, I still wasn't quite sure. In a way I suppose I was almost afraid to make the decision. I stayed behind and had lunch with Toots Shor, thinking it over. At 3:15 I caught a plane; at 5:15 I was at the clubhouse in Boston and at 6 o'clock I told Casey Stengel I was ready if he wanted me.

A friendly fence pays off

I DIDN'T expect to do much in the Boston series. For one thing I hadn't even looked at any left-handed pitching for months, and the first pitcher they threw at us was young Maurice McDermott, one of the fastest left-handers in the business. But my first time at bat I started getting a little piece of the ball; I fouled off six or seven pitches. All of them went to the right, so I knew I was swinging late. My eye began getting used to the pitches. Then McDermott sent one in just belt high, a real nice pitch, and I slapped it over the shortstop's head for a single. Later that night I got a home run, right over that friendly fence. Our shortstop, Phil Rizzuto, was on base at the time and when I crossed home plate he was waiting for me, jumping up and down and saying over and over, "Hey, nice hitting, Jolter!" The boys in the dugout were all around me, slapping my back. It was really like old times.

Very few men, I guess, ever have the good fortune to get the thrills I've had in the last three weeks. I didn't have in mind to do as well as I did in Boston—but once I saw how people were pulling for me, I practically couldn't help it. Even in Boston, which is a red-hot town for its own team, the fans seemed to want me to get a hit every time I came up. I got hundreds of letters and telegrams:

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*The Bennetts and
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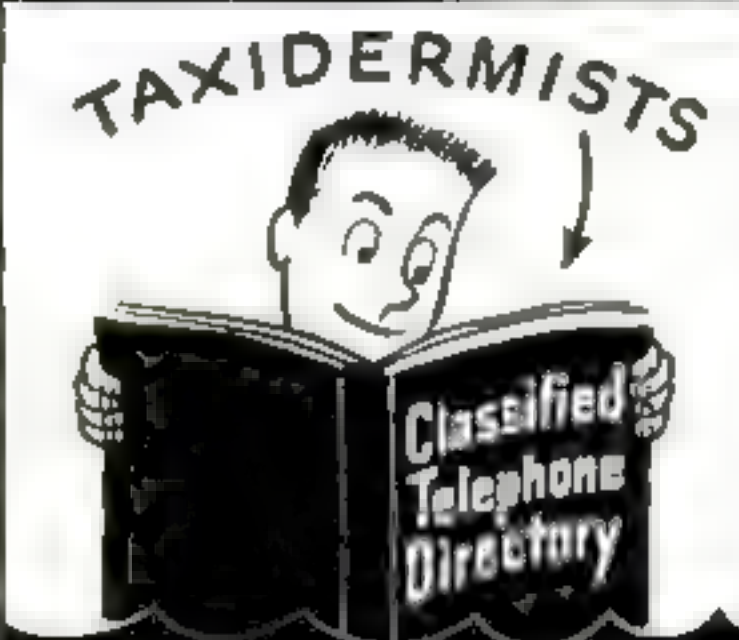
companies in the United States make the various kinds of steel used in building and equipping homes. Because of keen competition and efficient production methods, the quality of steel is high and its price is the *lowest of all* metals. That is why the Bennetts and millions of other Americans can afford so much steel in their homes. That is *why* and *how* steel and the American system serve the people.

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JOE DIMAGGIO CONTINUED

"We're glad you're back, Joe." "Keep it up." "We're with you, fellow." With that kind of support I was bound to get lucky and I did.

On the second night I got two home runs. After the second one Casey Stengel greeted me by coming out of the dugout bowing with his head and hands like a Mohammedan. He couldn't believe it and neither could I. The newspaper writers told me afterward, "Joe, you played a dirty trick on us. We used up all our adjectives last night, and now what can we say?" On the third day I got another home run. This time one of the sportswriters said, "Joe, now we're really mad at you!"

Back at Yankee Stadium it was almost embarrassing. The hometown fans seemed to want me to get a hit even more than I did myself—and when I flied out they seemed to be more disappointed than I was. The kids started running out on the field for my autograph. I didn't exactly know what to do. When a youngster wants your signature that bad it's hard to say no. Yet if you do it, it holds up the game—and you know that under the American League rules the kid will have to be chased out of the park afterward. One night at least 30 of them ran out, scooting from the left, right and middle trying to get past the guards. It was a real hard thing to know how to handle until finally they made a rule, just on account of this, that no player can give an autograph on the field.

In a way the fans have been much too generous. For example, I got a real big hand the first time I slid hard into second base trying to break up a double play. Next day everyone was saying that I was a hero for risking my heel on a play like that. Actually it's easier on me to slide, as long as the heel is bothering me, than to make a quick stop standing up. Well, that sort of thing makes you feel funny, and sometimes you wonder how you can ever live up to it—but it's nice.

Robert Ruark, the columnist, wrote an article about me that made me very grateful and at the same time frightened me a little. He said I was the "first real sports colossus since the Dempsey-Jones-Ruth era." When I read it I didn't know quite what to think. I'm just the same as ever and I hope the fans aren't expecting more from me than I can deliver. You can get that good part of the bat on the ball only a certain number of times a season, no matter how hard you try. I hope they remember too that my teammates managed to get a 4½-game lead in the league while they were playing 65 games without me. During spring training, when all the "experts" said the Yankees couldn't even finish in the first division, I felt all along that the team had a fighting chance—with or without DiMaggio. Without DiMaggio they fooled everybody, and now the job is to keep winning the ball games. That's why I'll be trying hard to get that fourth hit every day.

But don't think I'm not happy about the praise. And I know what it means, too. American sport fans are sympathetic—when you're in trouble they'll stick by you. And when you come out of it they're tickled to death.

Here's something that tells how I feel about it all. One day up in Boston I got a telegram from Del Webb, the co-owner of the Yankees. I had been telling him all along that the best I figured to do was rejoin the team around July 14, the day the second half of the season began. Here it was still June, and I was back in action and getting some hits. So his telegram said: YOU'RE CROSSING ME UP. HOW AM I GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO MY FRIENDS? I let out a roar and one of the other players said, "Joe, that's the first time I've seen you laugh all year."



DIMAGGIO GRIN breaks out once more as he relaxes in his New York hotel in his favorite dressing gown, after his great comeback in the All-Star game.

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1922	24 ⁴ / ₁₀ ¢	⁴ / ₁₀ ¢	.52	5
1939	13 ⁴ / ₁₀ ¢	6 ⁴ / ₁₀ ¢	.63	3
1949	20 ⁴ / ₁₀ ¢	6 ⁹ / ₁₀ ¢	\$1.37	2

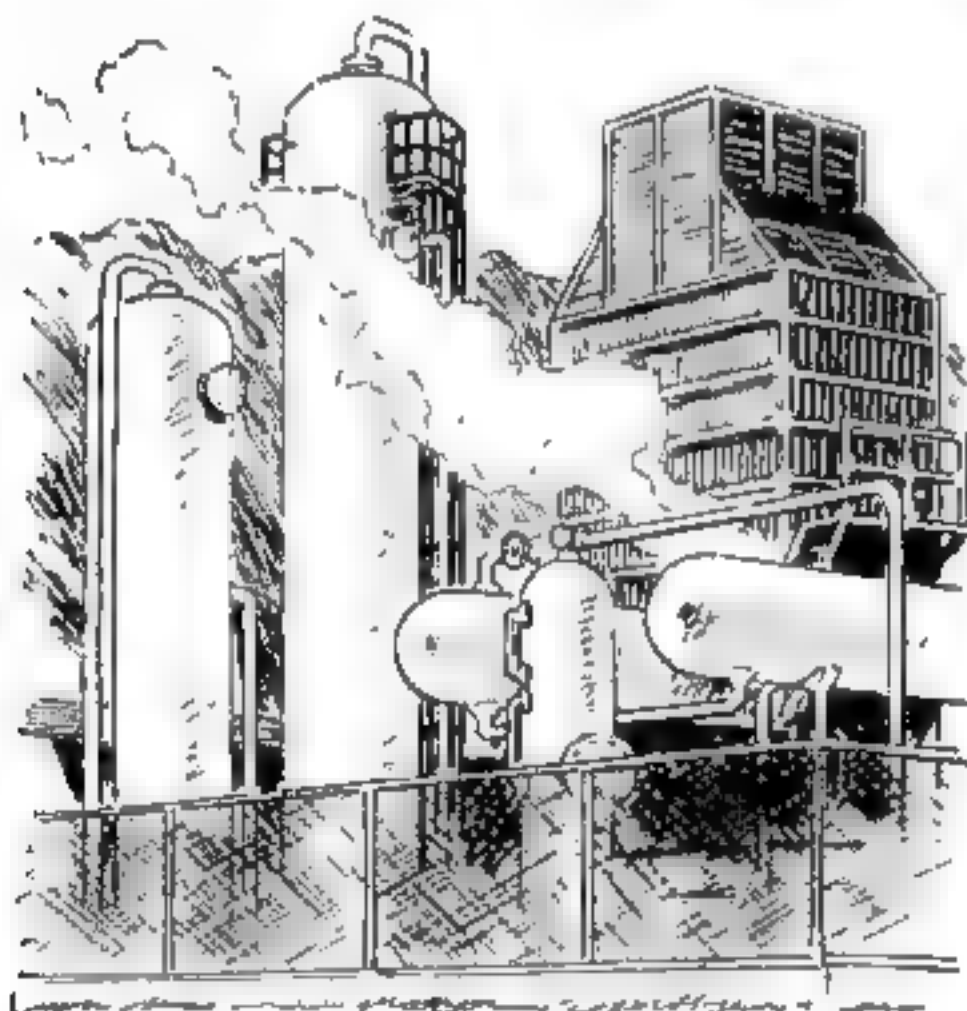
†Average 50 U. S. cities. Includes all taxes except Federal and State highway taxes.
*Average for 48 States.
°U. S. Bureau of Labor statistics for factory workers.



1. The price of gasoline today is higher than it was in 1939. But it actually costs you less. In 1939, for example, 10 gallons of "regular" gasoline cost the average U. S. factory worker 3 hours' pay. Today, 10 gallons of considerably better "regular" gasoline costs him less than 2 hours' pay.

2. In 1939 one bushel of wheat would buy the average U. S. farmer 3¹/₄ gallons of gasoline. Today, one bushel will buy him 7.9 gallons. And what is true of the factory worker and the farmer is true to a large extent of most other gainfully employed people in this country.

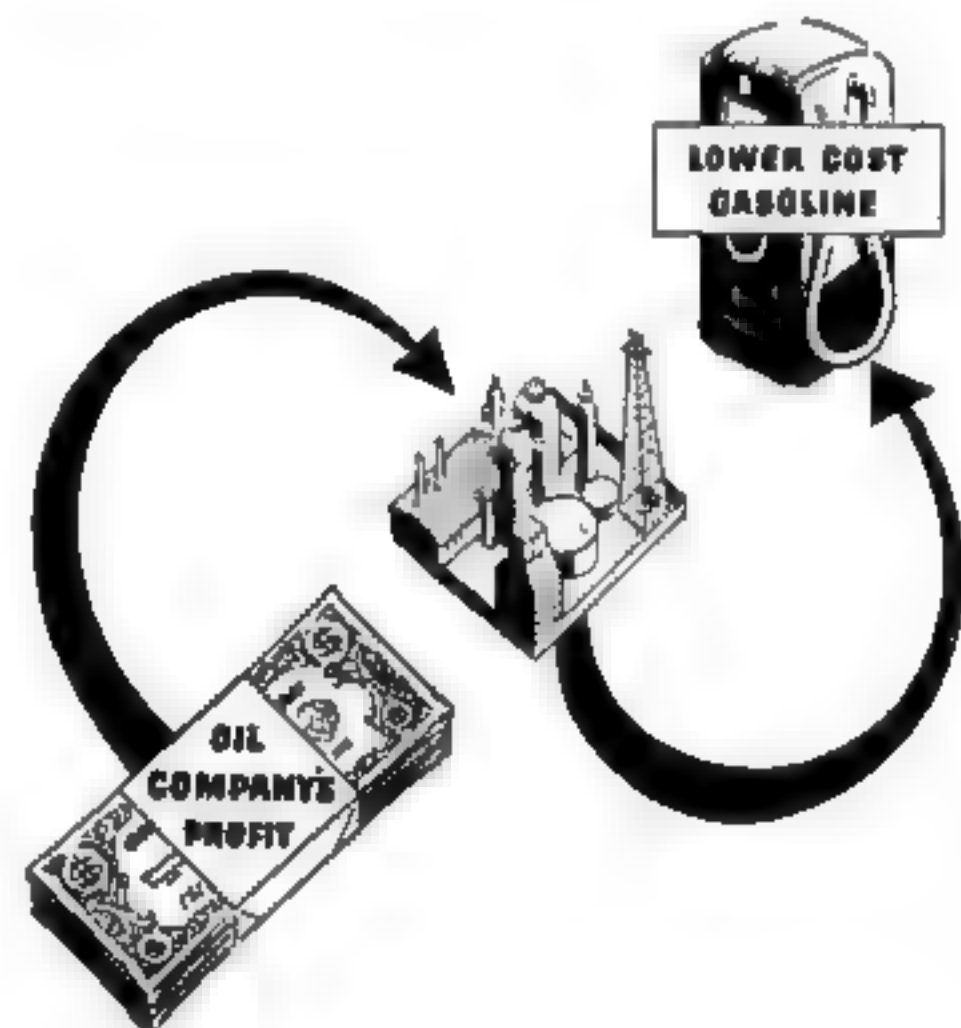
3. In other words, the price of gasoline has gone up less than wage rates and less than the price of most other commodities. Consequently, it actually costs you less in "real" dollars than it cost you in '39. What's the reason for this? Are the industry's labor costs down? No. Oil workers are among the highest paid wage earners in the country.



4. Are the industry's raw-material, tax and other "cost-of-doing-business" expenses lower? Quite the contrary. Are the owners taking less profit? No, dividend payments have been running higher, although they average only about 3¹/₂% of gross sales and represent a return of 4¹/₂% on invested capital. What is the answer then? Simply this: greater efficiency and lower costs through more and better "tools"—refineries, terminals, pipe lines, drilling rigs, etc.



5. Since 1939 the industry has not only plowed back every cent of profits after dividends into enlarged and improved facilities but has borrowed additional money as well—all in order to meet the increased demand for petroleum products and to improve efficiency. In the last 10 years Union Oil—in addition to \$178,000,000 used for replacement—has spent \$80,000,000 on "plant" improvement and expansion.



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UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1898

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.



DONALD HATES WATER, HAS TO BE BATHED BY HOSE

DOG-LOVING DUCK

He insists on leading same life as his cocker spaniel companion

Donald, a pet duck in Yakima, Wash., is living a dog's life so completely that it's doubtful if he realizes he is not a dog himself. He never sees other ducks. All day he tags along after his inseparable friend, a cocker spaniel named Rusty. He eats what Rusty eats, plays with the same people and sleeps with Rusty at night in the same chair. But unlike Rusty, he hates water. When Rusty takes a cooling swim in one of Yakima's irrigation ditches, Donald rides on Rusty's back (left). Their friendship began 2 years ago when Donald was bought as a duckling by Robert Olson, Rusty's owner. Friendship between dog and duck blossomed immediately. As Donald learned Rusty's duties he too took to chasing stray dogs and children off the front yard. He became such a town nuisance that the Olsons gave him to a rancher who lived 12 miles away. Donald took up with another dog (right), but his new friend did not always treat him gently. The Olsons took Donald back when he was found one day trudging back to town and Rusty as fast as his webbed feet would carry him.

WHEN HIS CLOSE PAL RUSTY THE SPANIEL GOES SWIMMING, DONALD FOLLOWS AND RIDES ON RUSTY'S BACK



SHUT IN by a low fence which encircles Olson property, Donald waits for Rusty to come in and play with him.



ENTIRE CAN of dogfood is shared at breakfast. Donald will eat meat, vegetables, anything that Rusty does.



LOCKED OUT, Donald peeks angrily at Olsons' front door after Rusty has gone inside to have a peaceful nap.



DONALD'S OTHER FRIEND, a Chesapeake Bay retriever named Trigger, lives on the ranch where it was hoped Donald would settle down. They developed a game which

they still play whenever Donald is taken to call. The instant Donald is thrown into the ranch pond in the hope he will join the other ducks, Trigger dashes in and retrieves him.

AMAZING THING! *By Cooper*

SENSATIONAL NEW TING FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

—REGULAR USE HELPS
RELIEVE ITCHING—
SOOTHES BURNING
BETWEEN CRACKED,
PEELING TOES—
AIDS HEALING
AMAZINGLY!

TING FOR
TOES!

DURING
WAR USED
IN
HOSPITALS
NOW
RELEASED TO
DRUGGISTS,
GUARANTEED,
TING MUST
SATISFY YOU
IN A WEEK—
OR
MONEY BACK!

IN LAB TESTS
TING PROVED
EFFECTIVE IN
KILLING SPECIFIC
"TYPES OF ATHLETE'S
FOOT FUNGI ON
60 SECOND
CONTACT!

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS
HAVE FAILED, TRY
AMAZING TING TODAY!
GREASELESS, STAINLESS!
ALL DRUGGISTS

Ting

ONLY 60¢
... ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW \$1.00 ECONOMY SIZE.

COOL!

B.V.D. BREVS



COOL

BECAUSE THEY'RE BRIEF!

COOL

BECAUSE THEY'RE ABSORBENT!

COOL

BECAUSE THEY'RE "B.V.D. TAILORED"—NO HOT,
UNPLEASANT BINDING, BUNCHING, CRAWLING!

COOL OFF!
WEAR **B.V.D. BREVS**

Want to myself I like "B.V.D." best! "REG. U.S. PAT. OFF."

JOIN
KENTUCKY
CLUB *for* **Pleasure**



You pay no premi-
um price for Ken-
tucky Club, but
you get a big pre-
mium in enjoy-
ment! This special
blend of real White
Burley is mild and
friendly in your
pipe—fragrant and
flavorful from the

first draw. Look for the blue tin with the
red rider—"Treat Yourself to the Best!"



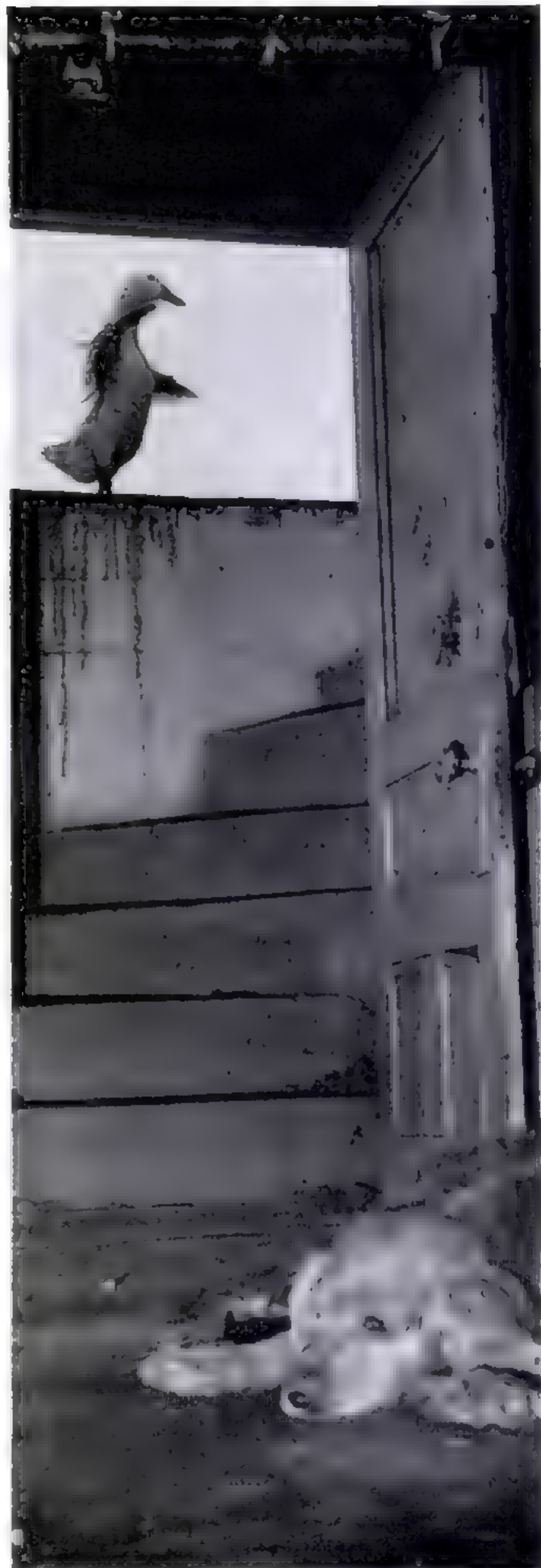
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
MELO-CROWN CIGARS

AND
MAIL POUCH
CHEWING TOBACCO
Famous for
TASTE and QUALITY



Listen to: "THE FISHING and
HUNTING CLUB OF THE AIR"
Mutual Network, every week

Dog-loving Duck CONTINUED



AT BEDTIME, when Rusty retires, Donald quacks and flaps for Olsons to
come and take him down the cellar stairs, which are too steep for his short legs

SERVED TO
"Hap" Arnold*
AND HIS CHARMING WIFE
AT EL RANCHO FELIZ, SONOMA, CALIFORNIA

Your Taste will tell you why!

***HENRY H. ARNOLD**

Former Commanding General of
the Army Air Forces, Holder of the
Distinguished Flying Cross and the
Curtis H. Murphy Trophy, Author of "Air
Merit and Aircraft" and "This Flying Game"

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE...

**"finest beer served
...anywhere!"**

Your Taste will tell you why!



Pabst
Blue Ribbon

How to pull a Hat out of a



Rabbit!

IF YOU OR YOUR WIFE wanted to make a felt hat, all you'd have to do would be to catch a nice rabbit, shave off his fur, make the fur into felt, and then shape the felt into a hat.

You might have a little difficulty *catching* your rabbit—unless you're awfully fast on your feet. And as for *shaving* him, did you ever try just *holding* a rabbit? Then, when it came to making the fur into felt—well, let's just skip that process for the moment.

Finally, after all your time and trouble, your hat probably wouldn't look like any you ever wore—or ever *saw*—before.

So we don't recommend that you actually try to "pull a hat out of a rabbit." But if you ever *had* to make yourself a hat, or a pair of shoes, or a pair of nylons—or almost any of the clothes you so proudly and comfortably wear—you'd end up with a pretty healthy appreciation of the "magic" of modern manufacturing!

By what magic *do* America's manufacturers crowd so much style and comfort and wear and *value* into their products? You know the answer, of course. It's the magic of mass production and distribution.

But mass production is the result—not the cause—of a product's popularity. And the quickest, most efficient way of winning wide popularity for a product is, yes, through national advertising.

Only by telling a *lot* of people about his products—all at once—can a manufacturer *sell* a lot of merchandise. And only by

selling more and *more* merchandise can he keep giving you more and more quality—at lower and lower prices!

"But," you say, "national advertising costs a lot of money." Let's see how much it amounts to: In a popular-priced hat it amounts to about as much as the stitching; in a pair of men's shoes, less than the cost of the cotton linings; in a pair of nylons, about as much as the wrappings they came in.

And even *that* doesn't tell the whole story. For, if that money *hadn't* been spent to win volume sales, you'd probably find far bigger price tags on *all* those products.

- *So, when you come right down to it, it's perfectly plain that advertising actually saves you money!*

And equally important is the automatic safeguard imposed by the very *act* of national advertising. For, advertisers know that the sales success of a product goes hand in hand with its honest presentation to the public.

LIFE

Reprints of this message are available to advertisers, on request.



"But good manners never made a sissy of a boy!"

SMILED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



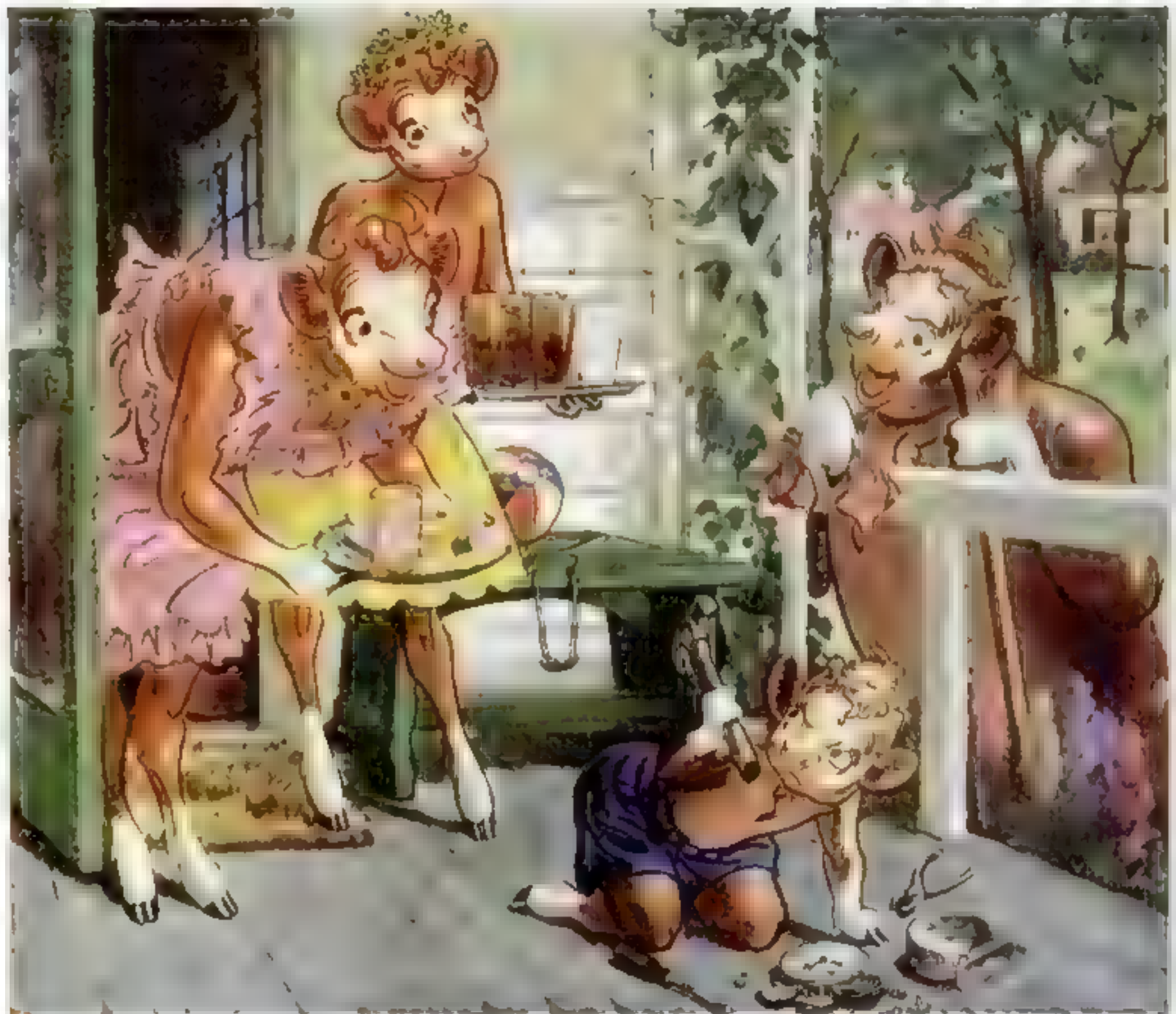
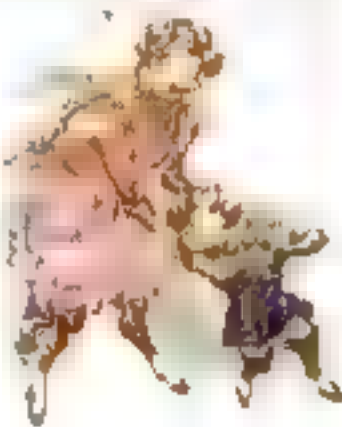
"GOOD MANNERS — bah!" mimicked Elmer, the bull. "I'm not having my boy Beauregard turned into any sissified little Lord Fauntleroy!"

"Small chance of that," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow, "with you for a father! But seriously,

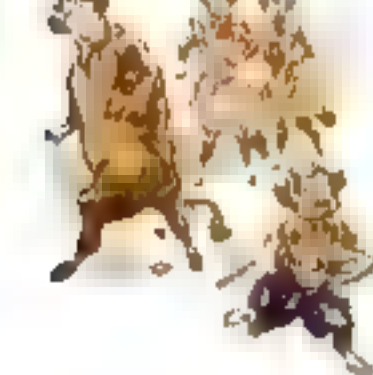
dear, good manners are just outward signs of consideration and thought for others."

"Poppycock!" bellowed Elmer. "Who expects a kid his age to be all those big words?"

"That's beside the point," said Elsie. "Children should be taught to be considerate when they're young. Then, when they grow up they'll instinctively do the right thing. Like, for instance, serv-



ing a caller a big, cool glass of iced Borden's Instant Coffee on a hot day."



"Do you think it's considerate," asked Elmer, "to drag Borden's Instant Coffee into every conversation?"

"Indeed, I do," answered Elsie. "I want everybody to know that Borden's Instant Coffee is now made by the new 'Flavor-

Peak' process. You see, Borden's is 100% pure coffee, freshly roasted. And this wonderful new process brings it to a glorious new 'Flavor-Peak' by extracting even

more luscious, rich flavor from the freshly roasted coffee! Borden's has more flavor than ever before! As you know—"

"It's thoughtful of you to concede that I know something," snapped Elmer.

"But you know loads of things, darling," said Elsie, wide-eyed. "I've even heard you tell ladies that there's no pot to wash, no waste, no mess with Borden's Instant Coffee."

"I'll never mention the word Borden's again!" roared Elmer.

"Don't say that!" giggled Elsie. "If you don't mention Borden's, you'll never be able to ask me to

pass you that wonder of all wonderful cheese spreads—Borden's Vera-Sharp Cheese Spread. It has such a rich, sharp Cheddar flavor! It spreads smooth as satin. Perfect for bridge snacks and—"



"My son's not passing snacks and making bows to your bridge cronies!" boomed Elmer.

"But I'm not planning any bridge party," said Elsie. "This is picnic season. And on picnics you take handy 5-oz. glasses of Borden's Vera-Sharp Cheese Spread and sliced bread, and everybody makes his own sandwiches. And they're the grandest cheese sandwiches that ever went on a picnic."

"Now you're making sense," said Elmer. "Let's get going, and forget all this good manners business."

"Alright, dear," agreed Elsie. "But first, will you be sweet enough to see if we have plenty of Borden's Vera-Sharp Cheese Spread? I can't imagine a picnic without it. It tastes so good—but then, if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

© The Borden Company



- if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!



WAITING TO RECEIVE IN THE HALL OF HER HOME, MRS. CAFRITZ WEARS A NEW GOWN. "IN BUDAPEST," SHE SAYS, "YOU GET A FEELING FOR CHIC CLOTHES"

Gwendolyn Cafritz Makes Her Bid

She opens her campaign to become Washington's No. 1 party-giver—but the real test is still to come

Only 32 hours after Perle Mesta was sworn in as minister plenipotentiary to Luxembourg some 150 Washingtonians of varying social rank gathered on a cool, green hill overlooking the nation's capital to participate in a typically Washingtonian rite: another wealthy woman, named Gwendolyn Cafritz, was making a frank bid to seize the title of No. 1 party-giver vacated by Mrs. Mesta.

It is a Washington tradition that there is one "top party-giver" in the capital, some woman with a bottomless pocket-book, a raging ambition and a porcupine's hide who cajoles or threatens the largest number of "important people" into attending her parties. This mark of some kind of distinction was achieved by Evalyn Walsh (Hope Diamond) McLean. Into the void left by her death rushed Perle Mesta. Now Mrs. Mesta has transplanted her activities to the U.S. legation at Luxembourg, and Washington hostesses are already jockeying into position for the fight to fill her evening slipovers.

At the moment Mrs. Cafritz has seized the advantage. She has a good hostess background. A Hungarian by birth, she has traveled all over Europe and speaks five languages. She is married to a wealthy Washington builder and realtor, owns a

spacious home and knows the importance of plenty of food and wine to underpaid Washington officialdom. More important, Mrs. Cafritz in her 40s looks more like an attractive, charming hostess than Perle Mesta ever did. Mrs. Cafritz has been giving smaller parties in Washington for years. "The kind of

dinner I like," she says, "is to have an ambassador, a Supreme Court justice, one Republican, one Democrat and one person in the limelight. . . . Since I have a background of public speaking, I introduce a subject and then let them fight it out. Then I like to take them down to the dance floor." Meanwhile Mr. Cafritz, a soft-spoken, well-liked man, keeps as much in the background as he can.

The big party, celebrating the Cafritz' 20th wedding anniversary, was a huge success. But Washington's social arbiters point out that with many a government official and congressman a "summer bachelor," it is easy to get them to a steak dinner. Society columnists, who regard Mrs. Cafritz as slightly *nouveau riche*, maintain that the real test of her mettle will be when autumn returns and, with it, all the Washington hostesses who are temporarily out of the hot city. The test: will Mrs. Cafritz attract the bigwigs in November as she did in July?



MRS. MESTA smiles happily after the swearing-in ceremony.



A GUITAR LULLS BARKLEY AND MAKES TALKING DIFFICULT FOR TAFT AND MRS. CLARK CLIFFORD. HOSTESS CAFRITZ (CENTER) KEPT ADJUSTING GOWN ALL EVENING

NEARLY ALL OF OFFICIAL WASHINGTON SHOWED UP

Nearly everybody who is anybody was at Mrs. Cafritz' party, including columnists and publicity-shunners, Democrats and Republicans. They all had a wonderful time together. Senator Taft sat at a table with Vice President Barkley (*above*) and harmonized with him on *The Good Old Summertime*. Best

evening of all was had by the "Veep," who upheld the tradition of Kentucky by drinking his full share of mint juleps, shouted "Skool," wagged a steak on the end of a cooking fork and generally imparted to Mrs. Cafritz (*pp. 81, 86*) that he could have as good a time at her parties as he had at Mrs. Mesta's



ACROSS THE LAWN the party looked like this while a dozen waiters scurried about with mint juleps. The Cafritz home is atop a hill where the breeze is a relief from Wash-

ington's bottom-land heat. The Hue engraved invitation read, "Gwendolyn and Morris Cafritz Cordially Invite You for Mint Juleps, Steak (Charcoal Grilled), Dancing."



CHARLES BRANNAN, the Secretary of Agriculture, smiles indulgently while his wife talks with the hostess.



DREW PEARSON, the columnist, fondles mint julep, laughs at hostess's pleasantry while waiting for his steak.



SENATOR LISTER HILL, sitting with the wife of Columnist Constantine Brown, gets a pat from Mrs. Cafritz.



GENERAL VANDENBERG, Air Force chief of staff, is as natty in his white dinner jacket as in his uniform. Here he tests the juleps and amuses the hostess with a shy joke.



JUSTICE JACKSON of the Supreme Court is partner to Barkley in a double hand-hold by Mrs. Cafritz. Morris, the hostess's husband, looks on quietly with Mrs. Jackson.



THEODORE GREEN, senator from Rhode Island, enjoys julep with Mrs. Pat Hurley, wife of famous general.



SENATOR TAFT, his arm around the hostess, enjoys a joke. Taft was one of the biggest "catches" of dinner.



JULIUS KRUG, Secretary of the Interior, is impressive in white dinner jacket as he talks with Senator Maybank.

ON TELEVISION

Thursday, August 4*



D-DAY

Chapter No. 14 EISENHOWER'S "CRUSADE in EUROPE"



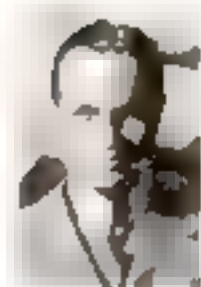
Share the tense excitement of one of the most dramatic moments of the war...sail with GI's in mighty invasion fleet...



Follow them ashore in heart-stopping battles at Omaha and Utah beaches and see how we held our ground.

"I have been tremendously impressed with the reactions of critics to this remarkable film series. LIFE & TIME deserve real honors... Television, with programs like this, can add a new dimension to history."

—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



"History really repeats itself in this great show. It's so exciting that the family and kids at home drop everything, even the comics, to watch it."

—Bob Hays

*On different evenings in some cities.
See your newspaper for evening and time.

Showing in 33 cities—ABC network

LIFE & TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine
TELEVISION PRESENTATION

Party CONTINUED

"VEEP" HAS BEST TIME OF ALL



CHATting WITH THE HOSTESS, Barkley has her to himself for a moment. Lured from his drink once, he said, "I sure hope it hasn't evaporated."

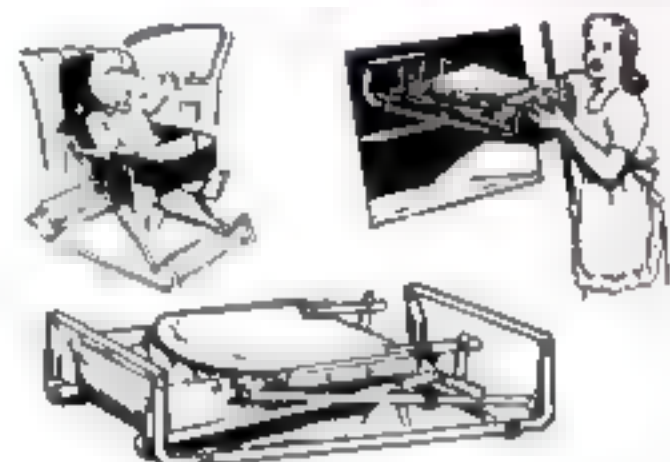


DANCING WITH THE HOSTESS, he turns on his Kentucky charm while Mrs. Cafritz closes her eyes. His dancing was lively, if slightly heavy-footed.



ARM AROUND THE HOSTESS, the Veep and Mrs. Cafritz wait for their steaks. Because of the big crowd, it was dark long before everyone was served.

PLAYMATE
by Welsh



AT ALL LEADING STORES

Mother! SEND DATE OF YOUR BABY'S BIRTH TO WELSH CO. FOR AN INTERESTING HOROSCOPE.

WELSH COMPANY

Largest Manufacturer of Folding Baby Carriages
1535 S. Eighth St., St. Louis (4), Mo.

**Fast HELP for
HEADACHE**



**BROMO-
SALTZER**
FIGHTS HEADACHE
THREE WAYS

For fast help from ordinary headache always take Bromo-Saltzer. It fights headache three ways:

1. Relieves Pain of Headache.
2. Relieves Discomfort of Upset Stomach.
3. Quells Jumpy Nerves.

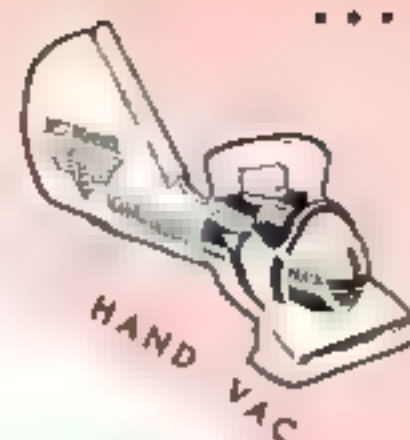
Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Saltzer at your drug store, fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

YOU CAN BE **SURE**..IF IT'S
Westinghouse

... of course, it's electric!



HAND VAC



FAN

"Hey Girls...
Don't miss this
wonderful
TWO-WAY BARGAIN!"



HOT PLATE



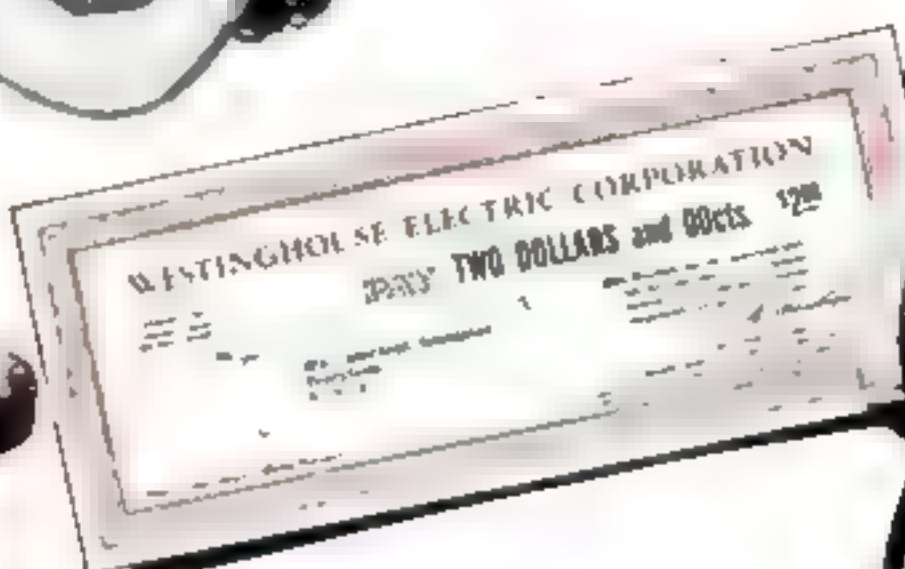
IRON



ELECTRIC SHEET



Famous Westinghouse
Pop-Up Toaster...toast
as you want it, always.



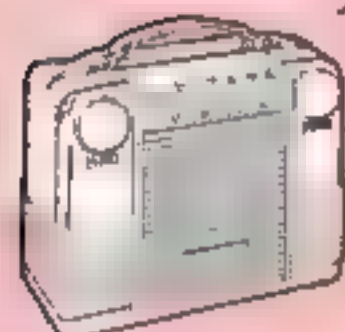
Famous Westinghouse
Streamliner Iron...
3 speeds for each fabric.



TOASTER



210 RADIO



185 PORTABLE RADIO



Famous Westinghouse
210 Radio... styled
for moderns, powered
for performance.



SANDWICH GRILL

SAVE \$2.00 on these fine Appliances and Radios
in the great Westinghouse-Lever Brothers
SUMMER FESTIVAL OF VALUES

SEE YOUR GROCER TODAY. Buy Any
Two of these fine Lever Products...
BREEZE, LUX, SPRY, SILVER DUST,
SURE, RINNO, SWAN, LUX SOAP, or
LIFEBLO. Send in Wrappers or Box
Tops for certificate WORTH \$2.00.



Two World Famous Names Team Up! Westinghouse
and Lever Brothers bring you these wonderful
bargains in the great Summer Festival of Values.

Go To Your Grocers, buy any two fine Lever
Products. Then send the box tops or wrappers to
Lever Home Values Club, Post-Office Box 766,
New York 46, New York.

You'll Get Certificate Worth \$2.00 toward the
purchase of a genuine Westinghouse Pop-Up
Toaster, Streamliner Iron or Model 210 Radio.
Also good on Model 185 Radio, Electric Sheet,
Hand Vac, Hot Plate, Table Grill, or any Fan.

Take Certificate to your Westinghouse Retailer...
and get your Appliance or Radio.

Don't Miss Out... Do it Today! Limited time offer.

EVERY HOUSE
NEEDS

Westinghouse Electric Appliances

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION • APPLIANCE DIVISION • MANSFIELD • OHIO

Never neglect a splinter

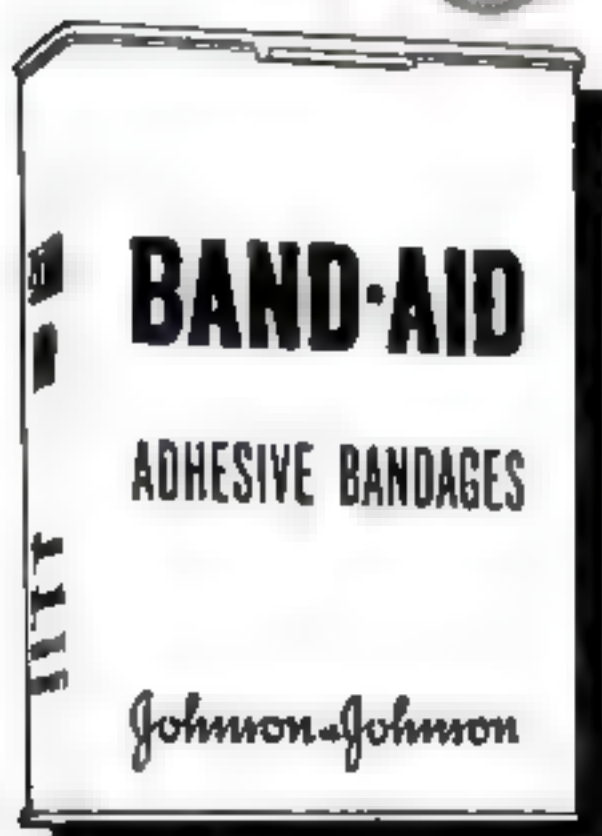


The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

Always use BAND-AID,* the adhesive bandage that *always* comes to you individually wrapped, 100% sterile.

Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID. And only BAND-AID brings you Johnson & Johnson dependability.

6 to 1 choice in doctors' recommendations



*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



UNDER A TREE Barkley and Mrs. Cafritz enjoy a moment of comparative solitude. The "Verp" found they had similar tastes in humor. At one point during the party some news photographers asked them to pose near the charcoal grill. Said she, "The Vice President will get hot—and I'll get bothered."

PAIN

of headache, neuritis and neuralgia

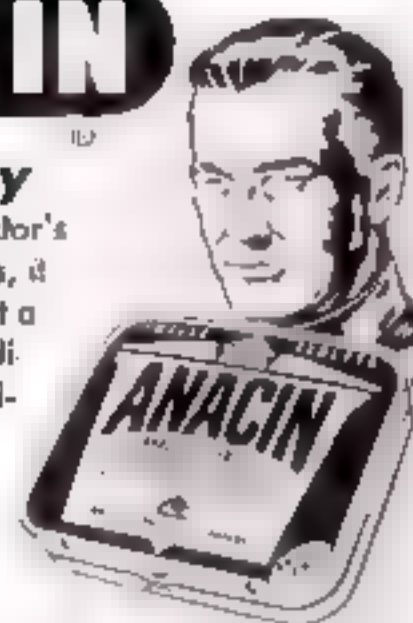
RELIEVED

incredibly fast
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend—

ANACIN

Here's why

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.



STOPS FIRE FAST! PROTECTS YOUR FAMILY, HOME, CAR!



Here is low-cost fire protection! Simple, self-powered, a woman or child can stop a fire! Hero shoots a 12 to 18 foot stream—up or down! Safe on electrical, oil or gasoline fires—won't damage woodwork or upholstery. Put Hero in kitchen, cellar, every room... in your car. If you cannot get Hero locally, send order and dealer's name to Dept.—B, Bestwick Laboratories, Bridgeport, Conn.



ADVERTISED IN LIFE

... means news of famous products... to 26,000,000 LIFE readers each week

STOP that SCRATCHING



Here's a medicine you can't find in a bottle. It's a dip and ointment. It's the only one that stops itching in seconds. It's the only one that's safe for your pet. It's the only one that's guaranteed. It's the only one that's made in the U.S.A. Hilo Co. Norwalk, Conn.



Hilo
DIP and OINTMENT

MY HUSBAND WAS SLOWLY DRIVING ME CRAZY—



The trouble with the poor man was that his feet were killing him! So I got soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder for his hot, tender, tired, sweaty, odorous feet and now he's all smiles! It acts in seconds! Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot, too. Start using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder today!



speaking of LIFE...

The people on this page have at least one thing in common. They watch the U.S. in action through LIFE's cameras, at a time when what happens in America has unusually great importance for people in other parts of the world. They include William Tubman, the president of Liberia; the editor of *Pravda* and the young Dalai Lama in faroff Tibet (see below).

They and more than 3,000,000 others overseas read a special fortnightly International edition, started just three years ago in answer to the demand from abroad for LIFE's picture reports on world and U.S. news. Like its weekly American counterpart, LIFE International is so popular that in three short years its circulation has doubled in spite of currency restrictions and the Iron Curtain.



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, author of 21 novels whose new movie "Quartet" is now being released in the U.S., gets his copy of LIFE International at his home, Villa Mauresque, at Cap Ferrat in France.



DR. T. C. LAU and the five members of his family in Canton read LIFE. Then, he says, it goes to his waiting room to make patients "more patient."



LIFE-READER PANDIT NEHRU, here shown with his handsome grandson, occupies a pivotal position in the chaotic Far East as prime minister of India and leader in the Asian Conference.



ALBERT SCHWEITZER, who has just made his first trip to the U.S., is one of the world's great philosophers, maintains a hospital for natives of French West Africa.



LIFE goes regularly to the 14-year-old Dalai Lama, 14th reincarnation of Buddha and supreme ruler of Tibet.



GEORGE W. LANGE JR., saw his first copy of LIFE during war time in Berlin—dated Dec. 20, 1937. He still has it.



PRINCE BERNHARD of the Netherlands is joined by other royal readers: Prince George of Greece, Emperor Haile Selassie and the Kings of Cambodia and Siam.



G. D. BIRLA, noted Indian philanthropist and friend of Gandhi, heads one of the East's most important industrial combines.



LIFE-READER SARAH CHURCHILL is the 34-year-old daughter of the war leader. Former chorus girl and WAAF officer, she is starred in "All Over The Town."



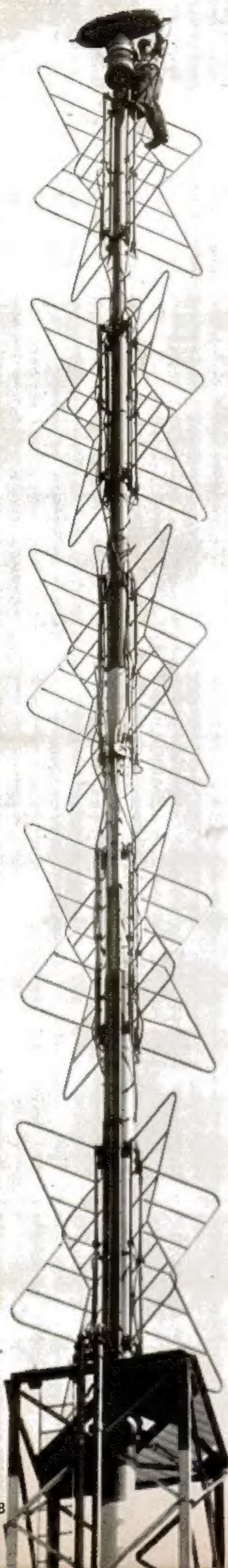
THE MOTHER and sisters of Mrs. A. F. Eca da Silva, Rio de Janeiro, read her copy of LIFE. Surveys show that 10 people usually see each copy sent overseas.



HERBERT EVATT, Australian minister and president of 3rd U. N. Assembly, reads LIFE International Down Under.

Rudolf Heiskell publisher of

LIFE



MR. DILL PICKLE OF MISSISSIPPI RECLINES HAPPILY IN A RUBBER BOAT AMID 204,861 SOGGY PICKLES

PICKLE PROPAGANDA

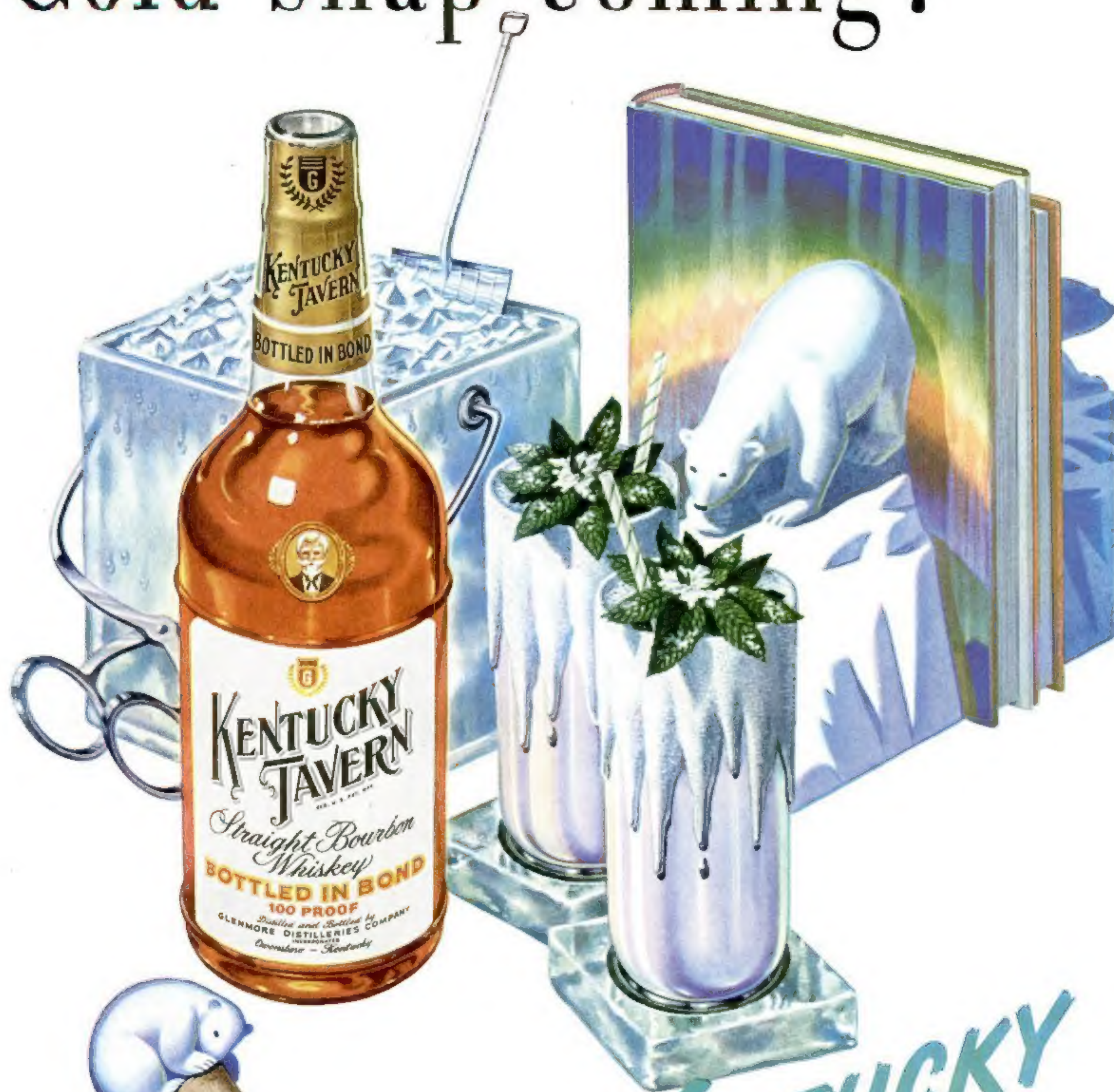
Packers preach their product's perfection with a peck of publicity

To a world surfeited with special weeks (some of the worst: Large Size Week, Save the Horse Week, Leave Us Alone Week), the emergence of National Pickle Week this summer seemed preposterous. But the National Pickle Packers Association in Chicago, intent on emphasizing the pickle's place on American plates (nine million bushels are sold each year), went ahead with big plans for pickles. They invented liquor-flavored pickles, crowned a Pickle Queen amid flaming pickles in a

Chicago nightclub, and proclaimed as their Man of the Year Mr. Dill Lamar Pickle of Rolling Fork, Miss., who obligingly posed in a vat of pickles (above). Recently, carried away with the success of Pickle Week (pickle sales were up 22%), the packers painstakingly placed a paper pickle atop a Chicago television tower (left), proudly hailed it as the Midwest's highest pickle. Then they happily looked forward to spending the summer putting a pickle on every U.S. picnicker's paper plate.

← STEEPLEJACK PROUDLY PLACES PICKLE ON TOWER'S TOP

Cold snap coming!



Weather forecast: Temperatures going down due to ice-mass forming on glasses holding sprigs of fragrant mint and world-famous Kentucky Tavern, 'The Aristocrat of Bonds. Sunny smiles will follow. Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY TAVERN

NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE

© 1928 G. D. CO.



30-Day Mildness Test wins thousands of smokers to Camels!



PATRICIA MORISON, musical comedy star: "Yes, I made the test. I smoked only Camels for 30 days. From now on, Camels for me!"



INSURANCE BROKER Warren Ostrom: "Camels! I tested them years ago. Camel mildness is always mighty welcome to my throat."



SALESWOMAN Mrs. Mary L. Walsh: "I like to prove things for myself. The test was all the proof I needed that Camels are mild!"



"I SMOKE up to 2 packs a day. I stick to Camels. They're mild and they don't tire my taste"—says Lew Worham, pro golfer.



OPERA'S BRILLIANT coloratura, Virginia MacWatters: "I'm so glad I made the test! I found the answer to mildness—Camels!"



RAILROAD FOREMAN Merritt C. Humston: "30 days? I've given Camels a 10-year test. I know how mild they are and they taste great!"



PROMINENT SOCIALITE Mrs. Orson Munn, Jr.: "I had no favorite cigarette until I made the 30-day test. Now I'm a Camel fan for good!"



JOHNNY VANDER MEER, "double no-hit" pitcher: "I've smoked Camels since I was a rookie. Camel flavor bats 1,000 with me!"



"THE 30-DAY TEST was fun—every puff of it! I learned how truly mild a cigarette can be."—Cecelia Garland, bank teller.



VETERAN OLYMPIC diving great, Pete Desjardins: "I'd swim a mile for a Camel! They're mild—and their full flavor doesn't tire my taste!"



"I PUT CAMELS to the test and they passed 100%. They're mild, all right, and what flavor!"—radio singing star, Michael Douglas.



HOUSEWIFE, Mrs. Doris Reilly: "I've tried and tested many brands. There's nothing quite like Camels for taste and mildness!"



"I ENJOYED the test so much! It led me to the mildest, best-tasting cigarette I've ever smoked"—Marylee Hahn, college student.



RICHARD M. ELLIOT, merchandiser: "Camels are a year 'round hit with me. That rich camel flavor always suits me to a 'T'."



"I CHANGED to Camels for 30 days and they've been my brand ever since!"—Eleanor Shakeshaft, outboard racing star.



PHOTOGRAPHER'S assistant, Michael Pop: "It's great to find a mild cigarette with so much flavor. The test won me to Camels!"

Make the Camel 30-day test in your "T-Zone"



The doctors' findings (left) speak for themselves. But test Camels in your own "T-Zone." See if you, too, don't agree . . . Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette you've ever smoked.

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 Days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking **CAMELS!**